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RAHWAY'S USELESS HUNT FOR CLUES.

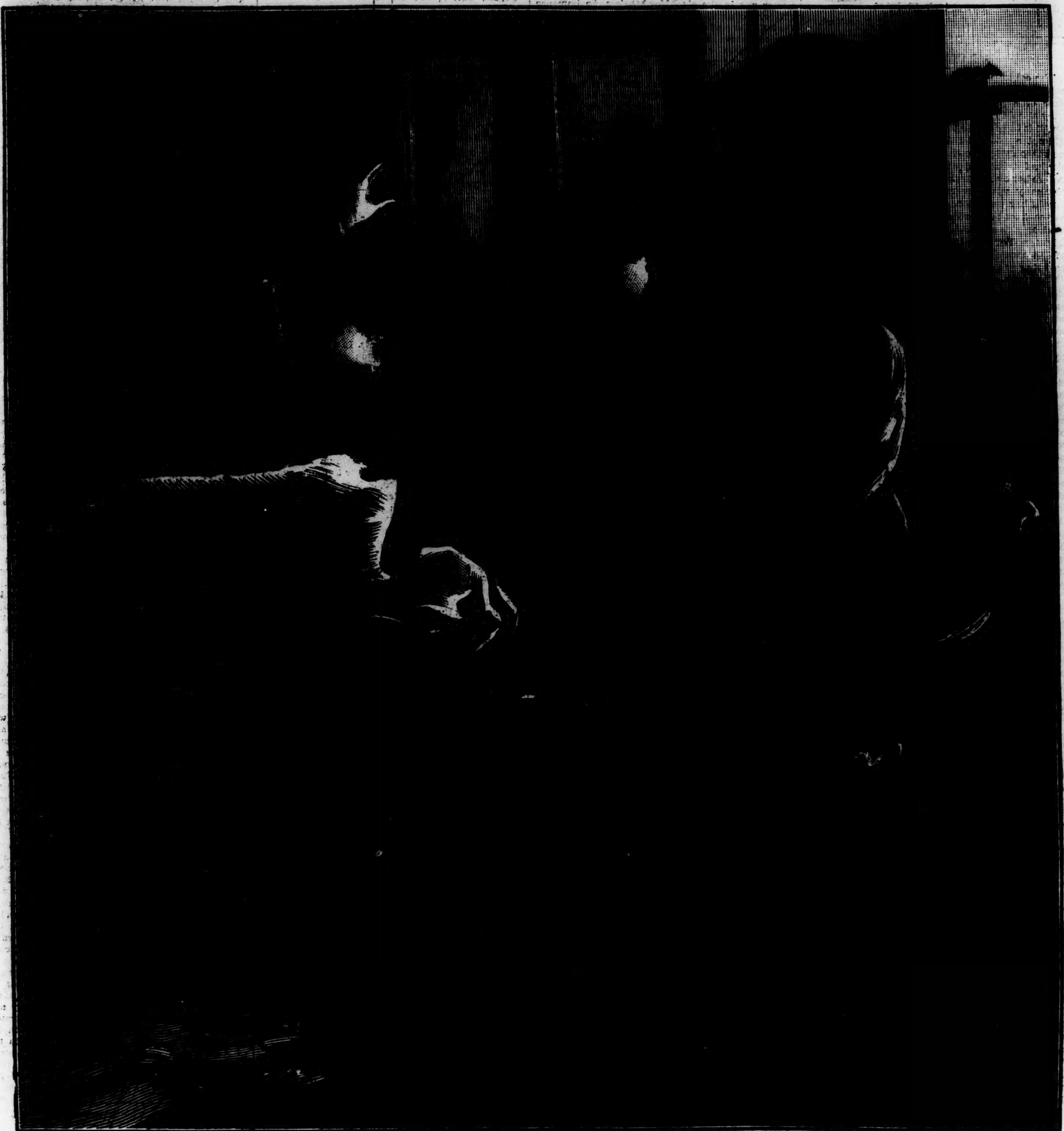
THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1887.

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THEY BOTH LEAPED.

MISS JESSIE THURSTON OF PORTLAND, ME., IS FOLLOWED OUT OF A FAST TRAIN NEAR PROVIDENCE, R. I., BY
HER AGED MOTHER.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
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A DANDY COUPLE.

The courage of the young couple in Chicago who consented to be married in the show window of a prominent store on condition that they should receive a complete housekeeping outfit is to be admired. It is said that the bride did not appear at all embarrassed, and we see no reason why she should. It is probable that she had assisted at numerous church weddings before her own marriage. She had probably, in company with several hundred other women, fought her way more than once into a church to see how the bride was dressed, how many bridesmaids she had, whether the groom looked frightened or not—in short, she had formed one of the motley crowd which regards a public wedding as a show.

The Chicago couple showed better sense. Instead of spending a year's salary in decorations and feasts, and in hiring carriages for people who could just as well walk; instead of mortgaging their income to make a show for a gaping crowd, they simply accepted an invitation to be made a show of at some one else's expense; and in addition, they received a substantial benefit in the shape of a full outfit for housekeeping.

Miss Creme de la Creme, on the occasion of her approaching nuptials, is quite as much on exhibition, although in a little different way. The society papers are filled with complete and painfully minute descriptions of her trousseau. Not alone the number of dresses which she has, but even the amount, quality and character of all those mysterious feminine habiliments which we prefer, more modestly, to group as lingerie, are detailed at extreme length and with startling particularity. In fact, the husband to be has no need to wait for an acquaintance with his bride's wardrobe; he can study its description at his leisure in the fashion paper furnished by the fair lady herself.

Competition will probably lead other merchants to offer still greater inducements, and in a short time marriage, instead of being an institution which halves your income and doubles your expenses, will be the first step to fortune. The next couple will probably receive a cottage house and a small lot; the next a two-story house and a corner lot; and under the influence of keen business enterprise, a brown-stone front and a block of railroad stock.

If the institution of matrimony is to be as public as in many cases at present, the sooner it becomes entirely so the better; and the more inducements the judicious advertiser can offer, the better it will be for the couple just embarking upon that unknown sea, sometimes placid, sometimes stormy, but always infinitely preferable to the dreary waste and desert of lone, lorn bachelor or spinsterhood.

THE COWBOY IN COCKNEYDOM.

Something quite out of the ordinary in the way of amusements will be the appearance in London of Buffalo Bill's "Wild West" combination. The entire outfit sailed last week, including 140 Indians, a herd of buffalo, a full quota of cowboys and all the appurtenances thereto belonging. As a picture of frontier life and environments the show has considerable merit and nothing at all like it has ever been seen in London. It will be a meeting of the extremes of civilization and an object lesson to Londoners of a phase of life they have only remotely dreamed of. The chances are the average cockney will conclude that the Indians are representative American citizens, and that the buffaloes were captured in the suburbs of New York. It is not easy to produce a sensation in the great British metropolis, but it is highly probable that this show will do it.

"TEN months without beer," was Anarchist Most's graphic description of his suffering when he was released from imprisonment last week. It was no doubt a terrible ordeal for a man of Most's bibulous capacity, and it is just as certain that he will now proceed to make up for lost time.

STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Last week John Webster, of the "Troubadours," lost a \$500 diamond from his immaculate bosom. After some hours' search the gem was found imbedded in the door mat of a threshold that hundreds of people had crossed in the interval. Mr. Webster graphically describes the creeping-cold sensation he felt when he first discovered his loss, and the warm reaction that set in when the little joker sent up a smile of ray serene from the door mat.

Wesley Sisson was called home from San Francisco last week by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his children. While on the way he received a telegram telling him of the death of the two youngest and he arrived just in time to see them buried. His many friends in and out of the profession will earnestly sympathize with his wife and himself in their terrible affliction.

Sadie Bigelow has made another hit, this time in mining stock speculations. She holds a good-sized block of El Christo, which has traveled up in a brief space of time to an astonishing figure. It received a set-back the other day, but Miss Bigelow had faith in her investment, pluckily held on and soon the upward tendency began again.

I went to the funeral services of poor Eliza Weatherby, at the "Little Church Around the Corner," last Sunday morning. The sun was shining, but there is little warmth in a March sun, and the bitter sting of winter was in the air. Nevertheless, an immense gathering of professional people had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of a woman who was beloved and respected by all who ever knew her. The interior of the church was densely packed, and an ever increasing throng stood outside during the services. In one group I noted Henry Abbey, John Schoeffel, Henry French, Edward Gilmore, and little Marshall P. Wilder; while hard by stood George Edgar, James Collier, Edward Aronson, George Thorne, Hallam and Frank Moseman. Actresses of all sorts and conditions were there by the score, most of them dressed in bright colors, which is much less depressing and every bit as indicative of sincere regret than the sable garments which absurd custom has decreed for such solemn occasions. The coffin and all about it was covered with lovely flowers, whose fragrance filled the air and seemed typical of the good, honest-hearted Englishwoman, whose sunny face we shall see no more on earth. In such a vast assemblage there must, of course, have been many to whom Eliza Weatherby had not been personally known, but it really seemed as if everyone had suffered the loss of a friend.

I do not vouch for the truth of the following story, but my old and respected friend, Mr. McVicker, who has the prettiest playhouse in the country, is said to have heard it from an authentic source, and to have absolutely laughed at the recital. Though I doubt the latter, the story runs that the eminent comedian, Mr. Patrick Rooney, during his last visit to Chicago called on Mr. Manasse and requested to be shown "one of those things regulates the heat in the room." Mr. Manasse asked if it was a thermometer, and when answered in the affirmative proceeded to wrap it up, when Pat said: "Please fix her at fifty-two; the doctor says fifty-two is what I am to sleep in, and you could fix me up all right." During the night the sooty and windy city was visited by a first class blizzard, and the mercury, of course, ran into the bulb to keep out of the cold. On the morning Mr. Rooney appeared very much enraged and threatened to sue the optician for selling him an instrument that "kept on dodging all night, and didn't once stand at fifty-two." Mr. Rooney is said to have watched the thing in undress during the night, and to have called several of his company, who are to act as witnesses in the coming suit.

Buffalo Bill sailed from New York for England the other day, carrying his Wild West Show with him. Before they are out three days, the "big Injuns" will come to the conclusion that the air is surcharged with firewater.

Madame Bernhardt, the celebrated French actress; Mrs. Langtry, the beautiful English actress, and Fanny Davenport, the accomplished American actress, are honoring each other by their presence at their respective performances. To the audience they seem to entertain the highest admiration for each other's abilities, but just let some enterprising manager corral the trio, and have them lay together in one place! How quickly all this friendliness would disappear! Instead of floral tributes laid at each other's feet, there would be hard words hurled at their respective heads. Before the curtain all is sunshine and flowers, but it's very different just behind the scenes.

The presence of the Prince of Wales with an aristocratic following, the prestige of a Parisian education, high social position, great personal beauty, gorgeous dresses and splendid stage settings could not bring histrionic success to the much talked-of and widely-advertised Mrs. James Brown Potter at her London debut. Artificial clap-trap does not influence the cold-blooded newspaper man in sizing up an actress. It is therefore a pleasure to see that the London press, in spite of its aristocratic and social environments, is a unit in unfavorably criticizing this peculiar product of democratic institutions. The popular impression on this side of the water is that Mrs. Potter is a theatrical "fake." Genius in any line cannot be manufactured to order. The whole affair was overdone and nauseous. London is entitled to sympathy. But after all, America has only returned tit for tat.

Victoria Morosini, the daughter of the Neapolitan fisherman, who married the car driver and became Mrs. Schilling, shared her dressing room at the Casino with her understudy, Agnes Folsom. Vic became ill and Agnes watched by her bedside until her weak little Maine heart whirled. Then she got acquainted with Dr. Cole, who attended in his capacity of a physician, and now the old folk way down from the State of Maine have come to town because Aggie is protected by the doctor, although he is a married man. Said the good old Yankee mother: "The child can't be in her right mind. She was always so good and pure. The doctor has put a spell on her." This is, of course, all wrong. Miss Agnes Folsom is simply undergoing the process of becoming a star. The "spell" put upon her is the hands of

genius, her mind is in the realm of art and being great she will always remain "good and pure."

Miss Ada B. Burnett, with the Hall and Bloodgood Burlesque and Specialty Company, has been sued for \$10,000 damages by Arthur Rose, a colored man of Cincinnati. Miss Burnett in singing her song, "A New Coon in Town," on Sunday night, pointed to Rose who was seated in the balcony. It had the effect of inciting an uproar of laughter in the audience, and at the time Rose seemed to enjoy it as a huge joke, for Miss Burnett states that he threw her a kiss as she left the stage. Rose, in his petition, indignantly denies that he is a "new coon in town," as he has lived there for some time. Miss Burnett has employed an attorney and will contest the case.

No one who has the interest of the profession at heart will indulge in much lamentation at the intelligence that the unsavory crowd of females known as the Victoria Loftus British Blondes, and the Amy Stanley Burlesque Co., have again come to grief. The latter company struck a snag at Quincy, Ill., last week, and went the way of all "snags," much to the discomfort of a Mr. Black, who was kind enough to act as pilot for the alleged youthful, and certainly dizzy, young ladies. Mr. Black on his arrival got on what in Illinois is called a "toot," and used the funds of the company to paint the town. For this fun he now enjoys the privacy of the county jail, and the company has been leaving the town in twos or threes, to the intense enjoyment of the local reporters who have been watching the outgoing trains. The youthful editors, I am to sorry to say, speak of the ladies' "bursted" burlesque as "hams."

It will surprise the man who doesn't know anything about circuses to learn that probably between 700 and 800 persons participate as employees in the Barnum-Forepaugh entertainment, and they may be roughly estimated in this proportion: Performers in the arena, 100; hippodrome drivers and riders, 50; museum people, etc., 100; musicians, seventy-five; grooms and drivers, 160; canvasmen, 150; trainmen, 50; animal men and trainers, 25; property men, 40. There will also be over 350 horses and ponies, about 75 cages and animal dens, and forty-five or fifty elephants, not including Jumbo—stuffed and skeltoned. If anything larger, richer and generally grander than this in the show line has ever been achieved, anybody who can recall it will please tell Phineas T. Barnum about it. It will break his heart.

Before a big show exhibits in a city at all, the first expense it incurs is that of advertising. Forepaugh probably spends in this way from \$500 to \$700 a day, and Barnum a little more than that. This covers all the outlay necessary to bring the circus before the public eye, and the newspapers generally get the lion's share of it. The rest is laid out in pictorial paper for the walls and billboards, lithographs for the windows, bill posting, livery hire, etc. Every place within from fifty to one hundred miles of that in which the circus exhibits is thoroughly canvassed through the papers and billboards. In a stay of a week in a city like Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago a big circus generally puts out from 12,000 to 15,000 sheets of paper, costing from nine to fifteen cents a sheet to get on the walls, printing, posting and all. Railroad-ing or transportation requires from \$150 to \$500 a day, according to the magnitude of the show.

Barnum, Forepaugh, both Robinsons, Doris and a few others own and furnish their own cars. Forepaugh has sixty cars in all, and Barnum runs more than that number. Each car is sixty feet long, and on them is carried all the people, horses, cages of animals, baggage wagons, table cars, and the elephants. A circus pays a certain sum, previously agreed upon, to a railway company for a "run"—that is, transportation from one place to another; it usually costs little or no more to run 100 or 150 miles than it does to make twenty-five miles. All that the railway companies furnish are the engines and trainmen. The circus attaches—not including, of course, the performers—load and unload the show, and, as most of the hands are experienced, they are able to handle a great deal of property in the course of a few hours.

The chief item of expense with any big show is the pay roll. This will run all the way from \$500 to \$1,500 a day. Adam Forepaugh says he pays the latter amount, and Barnum's salaries are undoubtedly considerably larger. The figures include the pay of performers, agents, hostlers, canvasmen, grooms and trainmen—or "razor backs," facetiously. The "feature," or high-cockalorum among the performers, naturally get the highest pay. It wouldn't be safe to say just how much the Barnum people are giving for the use of King Thebaw's Hairy Family; but certainly those freaks are among the most expensive ever brought to this country. The swimmers, Agnes and William Beck with, probably draw \$250 or more weekly from Barnum, because they are heavily "featured," and will easily be worth that much. Last season the same show paid \$250 a week to Lolo, Lola and Sylvester, a trio of trapeze performers, who now own a show of their own. Forepaugh pays William Showles, the bareback rider, about \$250 a week, and Charles W. Fish, another rider, draws the same amount.

But the big card with Forepaugh is his troupe of thirty performing elephants, which he owns, and which, therefore, cost him comparatively little. To the performers known as the Garetts, among them Ouda, the aerial actor, he will pay not much less than \$200 weekly. Barnum has a number of equestrians who get "three-figure" salaries (\$100 or more), and at the same time some of the riders in both Forepaugh's and Barnum's forces draw as low as \$25 or \$30 a week. Acrobats are always well paid when their act is graceful and diverting. They generally travel in teams of two and three, and do what are known as "brother acts." The three Lamarine Brothers, for instance, draw \$150 a week from Forepaugh's pay clerk. Many of these performers do two or three different acts, and indeed they will tackle almost anything from a flying trapeze to a horizontal bar, while nearly all are good tumblers and leapers, easily and advantageously used in the "grand tumbling finale" so familiar to circus goers. There are many groups of performers who turn themselves into "families," and by doing a daring act of some novel kind, are often able to get \$200 to \$300 a week. The Silboms of Barnum's forces, are an example in point, and the Nelsons, who used to be with the minstrels, were known to get about \$500 a week for their "turn" or services.

WOODEN SPOON.

OUR PICTURES.

She Tried to Make Her Sit on a Red-Hot Stove.

Some time ago Mrs. Fannie Flint obtained lodgings in Atlanta, Ga., with Mrs. Lee. She became angry at Mrs. Lee for some cause and built a fire in the stove, and kept it up until the stove was red hot. Then she grasped Mrs. Lee, and was in the act of laying her on the stove, when a servant entered and rescued her. Mrs. Flint is now in jail.

Ran Into a Raft.

Information has been received of an outrage committed on the Cooper river, near Oakley, S. C., for which Capt. Lewis Poinsett, of the sloop Carrie and Hattie, is said to be responsible. Late the other afternoon a large party of negro laborers, who had been working on a river plantation, were being taken across to their homes on a large raft.

When the raft was in the middle of the stream it was passed by the sloop, which was hailed pleasantly by the laborers. After passing about a hundred yards the sloop came about, and, notwithstanding the ample room in the river, ran with seeming intention directly into the raft, which was partially split, and a number of men knocked into the river, four of whom were drowned. The colored people are very indignant. The jury of inquest lay the responsibility on Capt. Poinsett, who has been committed to jail.

A Lively Raid.

Our correspondent writes: Deputy United States Marshal Wheeler, of St. Louis, raided a crooked whisky ranch about two miles from Newmalle, Mo., last Saturday. Peter Nilling, an old offender, seventy years of age, was arrested, and in a false cellar was found eighty gallons of fine old whiskey. He has been arrested twice before and was released the first time on the plea of ignorance of the law, the second time on failure of evidence, and it looks like death will save him this time. The "tip" was given by a co-laborer who asked for \$2,000 for his pointer, but received only enough to draw the necessary information out of him. Wheeler visited the old man unexpectedly with such effect that the latter collapsed and has been dangerously ill ever since. The dwelling house and outhouses were searched with no result. Finally, in an innocent little alcove cut off from the granary, and adjoining a well, the still-house was encountered but the still was absent. The worm tub, furnace, a sluice-box, and new ashes were there, but the still had been removed as it hastily. While probing around they accidentally struck a hollow wall, and on tearing it down found five ten-gallon kegs of the luscious mountain dew. Peter was very sick, but his wife was well and vigorous, and proceeded to battle with an armful of rotten potatoes and apples.

A Playful Mayor.

Passengers on the Richmond and Danville train, which reached Atlanta at noon on March 23, witnessed a fight on the moving train just before reaching Atlanta. The parties to the difficulty were Hon. John Asberry, Mayor of Jefferson, and Mr. Robert T. Brown, one of Oglesby & Meader's drummers. Mr. Asberry, it appears from what eye witnesses to the trouble say, was amusing himself by walking through the train and knocking hats off the passengers' heads. He was acquainted with nearly every one on the car and was enjoying his fun very much. Mr. Brown was in the car, and after Asberry had made the rounds among his friends he approached Mr. Brown and knocked his hat off. Mr. Brown did not know Mr. Asberry, and it is said by Mr. Asberry's friends that he mistook Brown for a friend. However, the instant Mr. Brown's hat left his head he arose from his seat and planted his fist in Mr. Asberry's face. The blow sent the gentleman reeling down the aisle. He recovered himself quickly and started back at Mr. Brown, when friends interposed. The blow angered Mr. Asberry very much, and he informed Mr. Brown he would hear from him later. Mr. Brown announced his willingness to receive any message. On reaching the city both men called upon friends versed in the settlement of disputes. After a good deal of parleying, the matter was so arranged that each principal was acquitted of insult to the other, and peace was re-established.

A Mexican Outlaw Shot.

It was reported at Santa Fe that Marino Leyba, the notorious outlaw, leader of the gang who have terrorized central New Mexico for six months, had been killed while resisting arrest near Antelope Springs, seventy miles south of Santa Fe. This report was confirmed by the arrival of Joaquin Monterea and Carlos Jacome with Leyba's body. These two men had been deputized by Sheriff Chavez of Santa Fe county to make the arrest, and they met Leyba on a mountain trail while on the lookout for him. When ordered to surrender, the outlaw pulled out his pistol and Monterea and Jacome drew theirs. The three shots then fired sounded like one. A bullet went through Monterea's hat but Leyba fell dead at his feet, shot through the head.

Leyba led the gang that murdered Col. Charles Potter, stepson of Gov. Van Zandt of Rhode Island, in the Dolores Mountains in 1883, and burned the body after taking from it several hundred dollars. Four of the gang were captured by Sheriff Armitage and taken to Albuquerque where they were lynched. Leyba, the fifth member, fled to the mountains, but came out and began operations again after all the witnesses were dead. He was afterward convicted of stealing and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. When he was discharged six months ago he immediately returned to the flourishing mining country and reorganized his gang. They would shoot up towns, steal horses and rob travelers. Their last exploit was the murder and robbery of Lackey and Tresler near Antelope Springs. These men owned 20,000 sheep down there. Lackey was killed in his house and his body burned. Tresler was shot in the back while running away. Two of the Leyba gang were arrested for murder and are now awaiting trial. A reward of \$1,200 was offered for Leyba's arrest. His death will break up the gang.

CHARLES MITCHELL.

[With Portrait.]

Charley Mitchell, the clever English boxer, is soon to make his appearance in this country after a little trip to his native hearth. He intends to give some of the heavy-weights a go in the manly art as soon as he works off his sea legs.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Ida A. Jones.

The romance of the young lady whose face we print above is in brief as follows:

Walter R. Dyer, of East Saginaw, Mich., and Ida A. Jones, of Boston, Mass., became infatuated with each other; his relatives protested his marrying her, a poor girl, and below his station in life. He married another; Ida caused him no trouble. His wife dying, he renounces his love to Ida and lives with her for years. Meeting a young lady of high character, amiable, indeed lovely disposition, Walter engages her. Ida, meantime trusting him implicitly discovers that she is for the second time about to be wronged by the base villain who had deceived her. She leaves him and resorts to the ultimatum—the law. During pendency of suit and negotiations for settlement, Dyer's affianced is suddenly taken away. Ida leaves town penniless. The gay and festive masquerade has skipped to parts unknown to the fair Ida. His portrait appears elsewhere in this issue.

SAVED BY PEPPER.

Courageous and Successful Combat of a Young Lady with a Wayside Assailant.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Miss Netta Fink, a fifteen-year-old girl, had a thrilling experience while returning home from a store near Heller's Creek, Pa., March 31.

The store where she had visited is about a mile from her home, and the road, like all country highways, is desolate and lonely. Miss Fink, whose appearance was that of a woman of twenty rather than a girl of fifteen, started homeward shortly after six o'clock, having no fear of being molested, as she frequently traveled over the same road at a later hour. She amused herself singing sentimental songs in a low tone of voice.

When she reached a point where the road is thickly lined on both sides with tall pines she saw the forms of two men some distance ahead across the road and enter the brush. As it was customary to see farm hands take by ways and short cuts home, which branch off from the main road, she was not alarmed, but continued her journey until she passed the spot where the men crossed over, when suddenly a burly looking fellow, with slouch hat drawn down over his face, jumped out from the brush and seized her by the throat, at the same time trying to force a big red handkerchief into her mouth. Failing in this he kept his hand tightly clasped over her mouth and then tried to carry or drag her off the road into the brush.

Miss Fink is a robust girl and battled with her assailant with wonderful strength. A desperate struggle followed, during which the girl's clothing was almost torn from her body. She had dropped all the articles she had purchased at the store with the exception of a small package of pepper, which she held in her hand. She quickly dashed it into the brute's face, and by a supreme effort broke from his grasp and ran for her life.

At the same time the two men who a short time before had crossed the road sprang out of the brush as if to assist the man who made the attack.

The young lady reached home very much exhausted and was scarcely able to tell her story. Somewhat recovering from her shock she related her encounter with the men, whereupon her father, brothers and several neighbors, armed to the teeth, started in pursuit of the trio, while the mother took care of the girl, whose face was terribly bruised and swollen from the rough treatment she had received.

The whole neighborhood was aroused and many recruits soon started out to join the pursuing party, who kept the search up until midnight without success.

MR. MURRAY IN "PA."

[Subject of Illustration.]

In the third act of Sol Smith Russell's new comedy, "Pa," which was running at the Park theatre, Brooklyn, Mr. Frank Lawton, who takes the part of A. Sportacus Hubbs, a musical monomaniac, gives a clever exhibition of dancing. The other evening, while Mr. Lawton was in the middle of his performance, he was suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted by the appearance upon the stage of a young man whose name was not on the programme and whose stage costume was, to say the least, unique.

The intruder made his stage entrance by the way of the right hand proscenium box, leaping from there upon the stage. He was in his shirt sleeves, and as soon as he had landed near the astonished actor he immediately proceeded to give a very good imitation of his dancing.

There were on the stage at the time besides Mr. Lawton, Mr. Russell and Miss Virginia Nelson, Miss

Kimly Daucker, and Miss Emma Hagger, who take the part of Pa's three daughters.

The stranger danced a sailor's hornpipe so well that most of the audience thought he was a member of the company. This delusion was heightened by the admirable manner in which the company behaved. Not one of them showed the slightest nervousness. The agile stranger was permitted to finish his dance, and then Mr. Russell motioned to him with a fan which he held in his hand to leave the stage. The man looked at Mr. Russell in a somewhat dazed manner and then quietly walked off at the side entrance, and two policemen got hold of him and got him to the sidewalk without much trouble. There he was violent. He quieted down again in the Adams street station. He said he was James L. Murray, aged 35, and that he lived with his father, David Murray, a Deputy Tax Commissioner of this city. He was locked up. He was believed to be insane.

A GIRL BULL-FIGHTER.

Daring and Expert Work in the Ring by a Mexican Girl.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Our correspondent at the City of Mexico writes March 20: Just prior to the taking effect of the decree against bull fighting I was fortunate enough to witness a contest in which one of the most skillful, daring and expert of the professional fighters of Mexico took a leading part. This performer was a young woman, whose equal has probably never appeared in the Plaza de Toros. In this, her farewell exhibition, Senorita Hernandez advertised for the wildest and fiercest bulls the country could produce, and agreed to fight them while wearing stiletts. The novelty of a young girl engaging in a bull fight handicapped by having stiletts fastened to her feet was sufficient to attract a vast crowd, and on the day fixed for the event fully 5,000 persons found places to sit or stand in the large amphitheatre.

The animals provided for the occasion were small, active and wholly untamed, each having his horns trimmed and polished until the points were as bright and almost as sharp as needles. Never was more expert work done in this cruel sport than was coolly performed by the Mexican girl on that day. As the bull, mad with rage, would make his furious charge, she would stand until he had approached within a distance of about three feet, when, suddenly springing to one side, she would, as the animal rushed furiously by, with one hand slap him in the face with the red cloak with which his anger had been first aroused, while with the other hand she dexterously thrust into his neck a gaudy barbed "banderilla," causing him to roar with pain and rage.

Charge after charge was made by the maddened brute, only to be eluded by the active girl, while the bull met the same treatment as before. The little senorita played with, plagued him and tortured him as a cat would a mouse, until the animal, bleeding and sore and worn out with fatigue and pain, gave up the contest and would fight no more. He had met his conqueror and was taken from the ring.

In the next contest the fair Castilian was under an advertised obligation, while yet wearing the stiletts, to kill the bull with a sword not more than two feet in length. This was to be done by the toradora at the time the animal was making the charge, the fatal thrust to be given while she was directly in front of and fairly facing the bull.

The animal selected for this contest was a beautiful specimen of his race. Black as coal, agile as a cat, savage and wild, he was no sooner within the arena than he was ready for battle. After he had been permitted to make a charge or two to warm him up to his work, the Governor, who presided on the occasion, gave a signal and the bugle sounded the "death call." The senorita, with stiletts of one foot in length securely fastened to her limbs, received the short sword, saluted the Governor, and turning to her enemy, gave a shout of defiance and waved her scarlet cloak to arouse his anger. At this time the distance separating the antagonists was almost two hundred feet. Toro, quivering with excitement and plowing the earth in his rage, waited for no second invitation.

With flashing eyes and head lowered to the ground he started at full speed for the object of his hate. The brave girl waited until the beast was within twenty feet, when, bracing herself firmly, she held her sword at shoulder height, ready for his coming. When within about four feet she threw her body suddenly forward, gave a quick thrust with the sword, and, without waiting to see the effects of the blow, swung quickly around and again saluted the Governor. In the twinkling of an eye she turned to face the bull, and as she did so he dropped dead, so close to her that, without moving from her position, she placed one foot upon the neck of her now helpless enemy.

The sword, directed by the strong arm of the self-possessed girl, had severed the spinal cord, and death was instantaneous and probably painless. It was a perilous feat, skillfully and fearlessly performed, and the slightest nervousness on the part of the performer would probably have resulted in her death. The great audience, in recognition of the skill of the brave toradora, rose to its feet, and for several moments there was a shower of gold and silver coins falling around the victorious girl.

HOW IT IS WORKED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For a long time a young Brooklyn doctor has ignored almost entirely his regular practice to follow the more lucrative one of removing down from the otherwise pretty features of women. An ordinary mole disappears from the face after two operations, never to return, while a mustache—one of those fuzzy nuisances that ruin a woman's looks—requires more attention. The doctor operates with machinery much like that used by a dentist filling a tooth, except that he uses electricity and a fine needle, through which the electrical current passes as he places its fine point against the flesh where the hair grows. Each root is "shocked," the single hair drops out and another hair never grows in its place. It is a tedious operation, but harmless and quite free from pain.

THE STILLWELL DIVORCE CASE.

[With Portraits.]

The case celebre of William E. Stillwell against his wife Jennie has already been in the courts, and is likely to be one of the most sensational cases of the season. Both parties are well known. The lady states: "I was employed to copy reporter's shorthand notes for publication, and I have been for several years

with the Buffalo Courier and Chicago Tribune, but resigned when I came into possession of some \$30,000, bequeathed by a relative."

There are alleged discrepancies on both sides. The separation appears to be as much desired on her part as on that of the plaintiff. From the evidence already given, it seems that Mr. Stillwell promised to give her five hundred dollars per month for household expenses and that on the wedding trip they were to take in Paris, London and the continent. Mrs. Stillwell is a strikingly handsome woman and dresses with exquisite taste. Stillwell was a purser on board one of the Pacific mail steamers. He is a son of the late Dr. Stillwell and his family reside in this city, and is a cousin of ex-Chancellor Runyon of New Jersey. Mrs. Stillwell says she was given to understand that her intended husband was independently rich, having vast estates in Florida and the South, and that when in town he resided at the Hoffman House, in which point her letters were addressed, except when he went South to collect his rents, etc. This was her impression until such time as she found out that he was only a steamship purser.

A GAME SAVAGE.

A Washoe Gambler Sacrifices His Entire Wardrobe to Chance.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A few days ago some Indians were playing cards in a vacant lot at Carson, Nev., when suddenly the best dressed of the crowd rose up and took off a shining broadcloth coat, that only a week before was presented to him by Jewett Adams. He laid the coat down on the old card blanket with a great flourish and called vociferously for a new deal.

The deal went round and his opponent, who was an old Washoe squaw, laid down a greasy ace on his king. He then rose up with a loud oath and peeled off a vest, presented him last Thursday by the editor of the Appeal as a spring of benevolence. The deal went round again, and once more the old squaw terminated the play with an ace. Again the buck rose up, and after invoking the blessing sun, hauled off a white shirt somewhat the worse for wear, presented him by Bob Keating during the pendency of the Lottery bill.

Once more the cards were flipped over the old horsey blanket and that ace was laid down by the skinny-handed squaw amid a shout of triumph from the crowd.

The buck, with the old ancestral vim of the Washoe tribe flashing in his eye, danced out, and pulling off Judge Hawley's pants flourished them in mid-air and staked them on the turn of the next card. Amid a murmur of condoling voices he lost again, and this time pulled off another pair of pants, the birthday gift of H. M. Yerrington on last election day.

Again the cards were artistically commingled, and the old fossil relic of the Winnemucca war took in the clothes. He still had an old pair of pants left, a valentine present from Joe Douglass and well worn. Amid breathless silence he lost, and peeling off his only remaining pants he did them up in a small wad and flung them at the squaw's head. A howl of aboriginal laughter went up, and the squaw, motioning toward the breach cloth, began manipulating cards. But the buck, who still had some living remnants of acculturated modesty, declined to further denude himself, and breaking from the crowd ran like a cross-eyed gazelle up the street, causing much astonishment to several housewives along the line of his flight. Then the old squaw placed the articles of clothing by one upon the body of her husband, who began to strut around the ring like a brevet lord of creation.

HIS EFFORT NOT APPRECIATED.

A Countryman Captures a "Green-Goods" Man and is Lectured in Court.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Jacob H. Clare of Pocahontas, Va., came on to this city recently, lured by the bait of "green goods." He was to get a large supply of counterfeit bills which would defy detection for a small outlay of the genuine article. Clare says that his object in coming here was to catch the swindlers, he himself being a detective connected with the "Eureka Detective Agency," of Charleston, W. Va. Recently a gang of swindlers in New York flooded Virginia with "green goods" circulars. Clare got one and opened a correspondence with Louis Adams at No. 118 East Thirtieth street. Clare was requested to meet Adams at the Broadway Hotel, No. 834 Broadway, and came here for that purpose. He got a letter stating that the man he was negotiating with was sick, but that one Charles Davis would see that he was properly introduced.

The countryman was led to a small office in Thirtieth street, from there to a liquor saloon at Fourteenth street and First avenue, where they met Louis Adams, who appointed the following day for concluding the transaction. Next day a man called for Clare at his hotel and conducted him by a roundabout route to a cellar in Second avenue, which was furnished as an office.

Here Louis Adams joined them and took a tin box from a desk and counted out \$7,500 and asked Clare if he was prepared to spend \$300 for the amount. The \$7,500 was, as usual, genuine money in \$1, \$2, \$5 and \$10 bills. Clare agreed. Adams placed the money in a black satchel. Clare said he would take the satchel then, but Adams objected, saying he might be caught with the goods and get them all in trouble.

Then followed the old, old game. It was proposed that the satchel should be sent by express to Clare's home, and that Clare upon receiving the receipt should hand over the \$300. This also being agreed to, a duplicate satchel was substituted. Charles Gordon, accompanied by Clare, started with it for the express office. At Great Jones street and Lafayette place, Clare seized Gordon and called upon Policeman Kiernan, of the Fifteenth precinct, to arrest him. The officer took both men to Jefferson Market Court, where Clare told his story, explaining that his success in arresting moonshiners and a murderer had led him to desire to achieve fame by nabbing a New York "green-goods" man. He did not have a cent of money with him when the men offered him the money, but carried a loaded revolver in his pocket. He said he had \$150 at his hotel.

Justice Duffy did not appreciate Clare's efforts, and said he did not believe him, but rather believed that he came to buy counterfeit money. Gordon, however, was called a bunco man and sent to the island for six months. Clare was advised to go home as soon as he could. The satchel contained a roll of paper.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Deputy Sheriff James Speedy, of Nogales, Arizona, is the clever officer who distinguished himself in the late international unpleasantness between Uncle Sam and Mexico, by standing fire from the greaser's rifles and getting his man. The deputy is well known along the Mexican border for his many daring and skillful arrests.

Ella Wesner.

On another page this week we publish a capital portrait of Ella Wesner, the world famous male impersonator.

Jack Davis.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack Davis, noted pugilist of Leadville, Col., who has engaged in several battles in that vicinity.

Jack Shannon.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack Shannon, famous light-weight boxer of New York City, who is prominently known in New York athletic circles.

Jack Sheridan.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Jack Sheridan, a well-known pugilist of New York City. Sheridan has figured in several encounters, and he is ready to box any man his weight in America.

Jackson Marion.

Jackson Marion has at last been hanged for the murder of John Cameron, at the county jail at Beatrice, Neb. The crime was committed some fifteen years ago. Marion was sentenced four times before execution. He refused to make any confession on the gallows and died game.

Ernest Roerber.

Every one who follows athletics is well aware that Ernest Roerber, of New York City, is one of the most expert of all the German wrestlers. He has met all comers and is now ready to wrestle any man in America at 150 pounds, Graco-Roman style. Roerber's backer is a wealthy German butcher of New York city.

"Mart" Hanley.

This genial and accomplished gentleman, to whose wonderful vigor and knowledge of his business Ed. Harrigan is in a large degree indebted for his present prosperity, has recently shaved his moustache off. To enable his thousands of lady admirers, under these changed circumstances, to recognize him, we publish a capital portrait of him on another page.

Harry A. Herber.

Every athlete in New York and vicinity knows Herber, the famous wrestler, who has figured in numerous wrestling contests. Herber was a member of the Turn Verein and has figured in numerous contests with Roerber, Lane, Young Bibby. Herber has issued a challenge to wrestle any man in America at 125 pounds for \$250 a side, Graco-Roman style, for the "Police Gazette" wrestling medal he now holds.

Eugene Geary.

Eugene Geary, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose portrait appears in this issue, has had forfeit deposited in this office for thirty days. Nobody covering game, he now claims junior sculling championship of America, and is ready to meet all comers for any amount up to \$500 a side. His forfeit still remains in our hands. He is backed by Peter Dalton, John Donovan and James Geary. All communications can be addressed to James Geary, business manager, Adelphi theatre, Buffalo, New York.

A. H. Van Cleve and Wife.

The cowardly attempt of assassination at Kansas City, Mo., has caused a terrible sensation among the best people of the place. The facts are as follows: James Van Cleve was sitting in the front room of his house alone, when he heard a rap at the door. He opened the door to see what was wanted, when he heard the command: "Throw up your hands!" Mr. Van Cleve immediately pushed the door to, but it was too late to escape, the shot being fired at the same instant the command was given, and which took effect, the bullet entering the victim at the upper part of his stomach. It is alleged that Van Cleve's wife had some hand in the deed, but we cannot find sufficient ground for the terrible accusation. We print elsewhere in this edition portraits of the victim and his wife.

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallett & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All particulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workmen.



MARTIN W. HANLEY,
THE INDEFATIGABLE AND INIMITABLE MANAGER OF EDWARD HARRIGAN'S
PARK THEATRE.



ELLA WESNER,
THE WORLD-FAMOUS AND INCOMPARABLE IMPERSONATOR OF MALE ROLES ON
THE CONCERT HALL STAGE.



HE STUCK TO HIS CASH.

BRAVE BANK TELLER CURRIER HAS A DESPERATE BATTLE WITH A ROBBER AT ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA.



HE GOT SAT UPON.

JACOB H. CLARE OF POCAHONTAS, VA., RUNS IN A GREEN-GOODS MAN AND RECEIVES NO REWARD THEREFOR.



SAVED BY PEPPER.

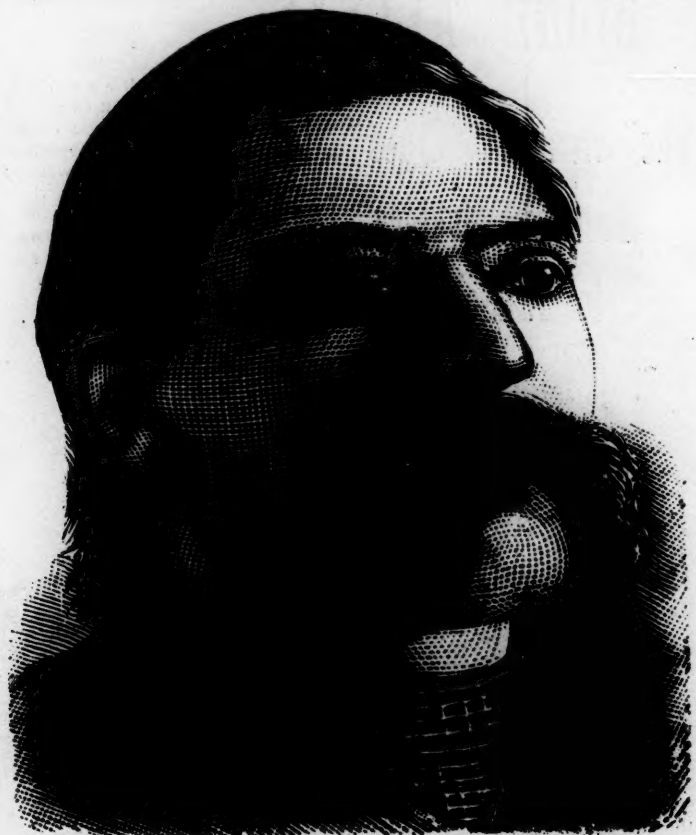
PRETTY NETTA PINK PUTS A WOULD-BE RAVISHER TO FLIGHT NEAR HELLER'S CREEK, PA.



WILLIAM E. STILLWELL,
THE INJURED HUSBAND WHO IS NOW SUING HIS WIFE JENNIE FOR
A DIVORCE FOR ALLEGED WICKED DOINGS, NEW YORK CITY.



MRS. JENNIE M. STILLWELL,
THE BRILLIANT DEFENDANT IN A SUIT FOR DIVORCE WITH SOME
VERY SPICY ALLEGATIONS, NEW YORK CITY.

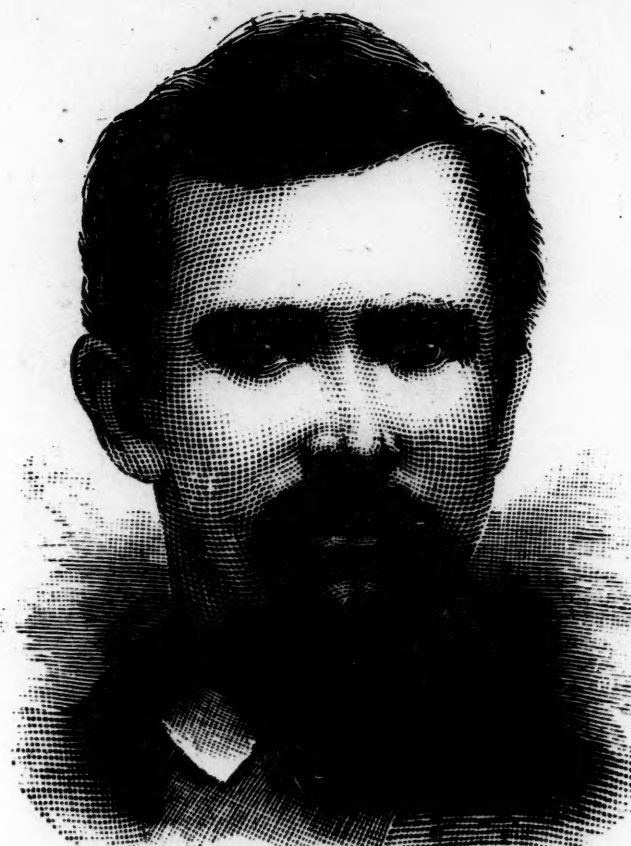


JACKSON MARION,
HANGED AT LAST FOR THE KILLING OF JOHN CAMERON FIF-
TEEN YEARS AFTER THE CRIME AT BEATRICE, NEBRASKA.



SHOT IN A FARO BANK.

DR. ADOLPH A. ALBRECHT KILLS DAVID LANAHAN AND WOUNDS EDWARD FLANIGAN, FOR ALLEGED CHEATING, IN A BOSTON DEN.



A. H. VAN CLEVE,
THE WEALTHY CARPENTER WHO WAS THE VICTIM OF AN AS-
SASSIN'S BULLET, KANSAS CITY, MO.



MRS. VAN CLEVE,
WHO WICKED GOSSIPERS ACCUSED OF PLAYING A PART IN
THE KILLING OF HER HUSBAND.



WALTER R. DYER,
THE GAY MASHER WHO HAS DUPED MISS IDA JONES AND SKIPPED
AWAY TO THE LATTER'S BORROW, EAST SAGINAW, MICHIGAN.

BLIND ALLEYS.

The Various "Clues" to the
Rahway Mystery Lead
to No Solid or Satisfactory Result.

WHO IS SHE?

And What Was His Name and Why
Did He Commit the Unfathomable Crime?

The Rahway murder is exciting more interest each day. Those who did not read the first accounts of the strange tragedy are ransacking files and reading up the early details of the case.

A brief resume of what has been done to date is as follows:

The murder of the unknown girl was committed on Friday, March 25, some time between sun down and



The snide detective.

midnight, in the outskirts of Rahway, N. J. But the body was not discovered until about sunrise on Saturday morning. Alfred Worth was hastening to his work on that morning along Central avenue when in that neglected suburb he discovered a mutilated body of a young girl. Her face was covered with blood and mud, her clothing was disarranged and muddy and half torn from her body. The young man ran to the house of Chief of Police Tooker, and in a half-frightened, breathless condition related what he had seen. Chief Tooker went to the spot at once. That portion of the suburb had been curbed and graded, but it was an unfrequented locality, comparatively speaking. The body of the dead girl was lying across the side walk. She was on her back with her head turned to the left side. She was about twenty years old, five feet two inches, with a full, shapely figure and comely face. She weighed about 140 pounds. Her dark brown hair was dishevelled and her lips, half hiding, half showing a set of even white teeth, were swollen. A deep gash extended from the left to the right side of her neck. The jugular vein had been severed and the blood had spurted all over her clothing. For yards around were evidences of a terrible struggle. When she was lifted it was found that her head had been forced into the soft earth by a fence post. The ground was saturated with blood. She was a German or a Swede, judging by her features and general appearance. She wore an olive green skirt trimmed with green velvet, and a figured silk basque, buttoned gaiters, black stockings and flannel undergarments



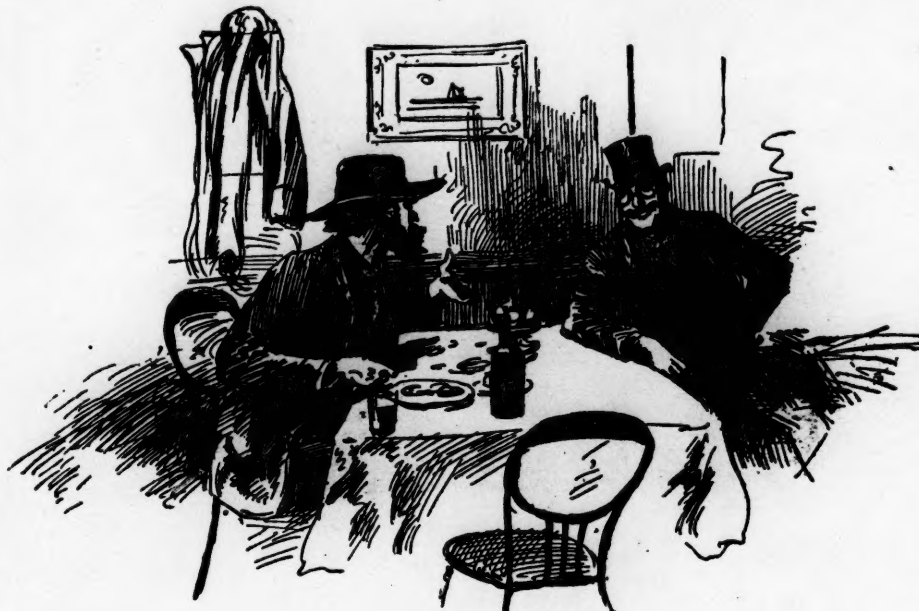
Did you ever see this basket before?

and on the third finger of her left hand she wore three gold rings. One of the rings was a plain band, another was chased and the third was set with seven small Rhine stones in imitation of diamonds.

Strewn over the ground near the body was a torn and muddy black fur cape, a small round willow basket, containing eight broken eggs; a black straw hat, trimmed with black velvet and a red bow in front. Near the hat was a black dotted veil, in the folds of which was found a gold breastpin. The scene was about five hundred yards from the nearest house. The struggle took place before the ground froze, as there were footprints near the body.

Detectives were summoned, messengers sent to the authorities of the town, and in an incredibly short time fully five thousand people had visited the place where the body was first discovered. Coroner Terrill, of Elizabeth, was sent for and the body removed to the Morgue. No one recognized the remains at first

and then walked on toward the little village of Milton. The first clue that created excitement was given by two boys, who said they had seen the girl hanging up clothes the previous day in the yard of one Froat, not far away. The boys said that the girl came to Froat's house two weeks before. She was accompanied by an elderly woman. They went away and did not return until the day before the murder, when the boys saw the girl hanging up clothes in Froat's yard. On that night there was a party at Froat's house. Mrs. Froat's uncle, William Keech, who had been with them but a few days, recently lost his wife. She had disappeared and Keech offered \$500 reward for her. One of the boys said that he walked up and down in front of the house with a club on the night of the party, and he was



What do you know about this case?

and her identity was a profound mystery. A post-mortem examination showed that she had not been outraged, and robbery was not the motive of the horrible crime, for the valuable rings had not been removed from her fingers.

About noon James Brunt found a small leather clothes bag in Milton creek, a tributary of the Rahway river, only about three hundred yards from where the body had been discovered. It was also taken to the Morgue and opened. The size and appearance of the garments indicated that they belonged to the dead girl. The bag contained a green velvet sacque, with lace sleeves and bronze buttons down the front; a pair of low slippers, a chemise, a fur boa, a white apron, a bustle, a new plaid undershirt, a waist to match, a pair of scissors, a nightgown and a part of the New York Herald of Wednesday, March 23. The portion of the Herald was the first, second, eleventh and twelfth pages of the triple sheet, containing the "Help Wanted" advertisements. The police thought the girl had come to Rahway to secure a position in answer to an advertisement. The paper was too wet to be handled, and so the town was secured for another copy. All the advertisements which the murdered girl would have been likely to answer were carefully investigated.

From the evidence produced before the Coroner's jury it was thought that the girl was thrown to the ground and an attempt made to cut her throat. There was a deep gash in her cheek and one in her neck, which must have caused her death. Her right

awfully mad about something. Suspicion at once fell upon Keech, and several days were spent in investigating the clues leading toward him, but they failed to work to any great extent.

A more careful examination of the effects found in the dead girl's valise discovered a handkerchief marked in blue cotton "K. M. Noory" or "Noovy." A folding rubber stamp was also found in the valise bearing the name "Timothy Byrne." Besides this a steamship passenger list bearing the name "Hamburg" was found water soaked in the bottom of the bag. The theory was that the basket of eggs found near the murdered girl belonged to the man who killed her. Oats were found in the bloody knife, and it was thought the murderer must have been a farmer or had been at work about a farm. Excitement ran so high that a large reward was offered.

New York and Brooklyn were next scoured for Timothy Byrne. The rubber stamp bearing his name and found in the valise was identified as the one sold by a New York agent on the 24th of last May. But the man could not be found. Then "cranks" turned up every day and gave the police much trouble by pretending to identify the girl and getting them on false clues. A George Washington Gregory, who acted suspiciously and had money which he could not account for, was arrested. A telegram found on his person showed that he had had some trouble with a girl. But he was finally released under surveillance. The next "clue" or any account was the report that a man and two girls had been seen on the Cranford



Viewing the remains of the victim.

wrist was gashed and two gashes were in her jaw. There were also bruises and other marks of violence on her neck and arms, besides the gashes. The Coroner shuddered as he viewed the horrible butchery. A few hours later a tortoise shell handled pocket knife, having a blade three inches long, was picked up. It was stained with blood.

It was thought that the basket of eggs would furnish a strong clue to the deed. One theory was that the body had been brought to the spot where found from the Pennsylvania Railroad in a wagon. Mrs. Jacob Meyer, who lives half a mile from the place, said she heard a woman scream twice about nine o'clock on Friday night, when the wind was blowing in the right direction to carry the sound. Others also heard screams that night. The police looked up all the articles of clothing and the little bag and would not allow reporters to inspect them. A Herald reporter found blood stains on the iron bridge spanning Milton Creek, near where the bag was found in the water, and it was supposed that the murderer threw the valise into the creek from the bridge after committing the murder

road. One of the girls wore dark green clothing, with a fur at her neck. She seemed tired and the man treated her harshly. They called at Farmer Bennett's henry, and the man asked permission to examine an egg incubator. He said that his name was Byrne. This carried the clue back to the rubber stamp man again. Byrne said he was from Virginia and that the girls were friends of his. The search for Byrne was renewed without success. Meanwhile numerous women, men and girls called at the Morgue to identify the girl, but they always failed. The more the case was investigated the more it was believed that the murderer was a farm hand as shown by the oats in the knife and eggs in the basket. Many persons were sure the guilty man was a negro. Then it was thought that Mary Malby was the name of the murdered girl, but a few days later she appeared and was indignant that any one should think she had been murdered.

On Sunday, April 3, Rahway's murdered and unidentified girl was seen by 3,000 people. They went by railroad or drove from the country, and formed a tre-

mendous crowd in front of Marsh & Ryno's undertaking rooms, where the remains were laid out in a white shroud in a cold air coffin. A lay figure was dressed in the clothing the girl wore when she was killed, and in a showcase were the various articles immediately connected with the murder. Charles Barber stood beside the corpse and announced to the crowd that surged into the room:

"This is the body of the murdered girl. After looking at the face, pass around to where the goods are on the dummy. On the left you can see the showcase, the knife with which the deed was committed, the basket of eggs, the shoes, the parasol, the skirts, the gloves, the pin, the rings and the bag which was found in the river. Look carefully and leave no doubts. If you think you have friends missing, give me your names or leave them in the office."

People passed by the coffin, the plaster figure and the showcase in a steady stream all day long. At times the crowd became so great that the doors were closed and the people were admitted only a dozen at a time.

A veiled woman came in excited, glanced at the face in the coffin, grabbed at the lay figure and threw down a part of the clothing in a hasty examination of the apparel. She explained her nervousness afterward by saying that she was looking for a missing friend. A countryman thought the face of the dummy was the embalmed face of the corpse. A woman asked if the cast was a mould of the girl's features.

Sixty-year-old Ellen Smith, of Harper's court, Brooklyn, looked at the frozen face of the corpse and exclaimed:

"Hasn't she a brown fur cape?"

Then she took hold of the lay figure, and said she recognized the cape, the tippet and the bag. She burst out crying, half fainted and sat down in a chair. She said she identified the body as that of Sophia, whom she had not seen in a year. She did not know



Hay seeds in the knife.

the girl's last name, but Sophia and she had been cooks in Dieter's restaurant in Brooklyn, opposite the City Hall. Sophia left the restaurant and went to work for a private family. Soon afterwards Sophia was arrested for stealing a diamond ring. She was arraigned before Justice Walsh on two charges of larceny, and was sent to the Crow Hill penitentiary for eight months. Pending her trial she was in the Raymond street jail, where Mrs. Smith had become a matron. While she was working in the restaurant Sophia boarded with Mrs. McCue, in Harper's court. Sophia was about twenty-six years old, and had been five years in this country. She was falsely accused, and really was innocent of the robbery for which she served a term in the penitentiary.

"I recognized Sophia by a picture in a newspaper," Mrs. Smith said. "I am sure that two of the rings, the tippet and the bag are Sophia's. Sophia received money from her father in Germany. She wanted to marry a young man there, but her father was opposed, and he sent her to this country. I don't think any of this clothing was given to Sophia. She was abundantly able to buy good clothes. The Rev. Joe Bass, chaplain of Crow Hill penitentiary, can tell Sophia's last name. When she was sick he administered to her."

Two men who drove from Westfield said that the murdered girl very likely was Mary Harragord, a servant, who had worked for a family in Westfield, and who had left Westfield on March 19 for Wood-



The frightened coons.

bridge. The men were quite positive about their identification, but, to make sure, they said they would look for the girl in Woodbridge. They returned with the story that Mary was there.

STILL ANOTHER

A West Shore R. R. Express
Messenger Found Shot and
Bound in His Car.

THE SAFE RIFLED.

How the Daring Crime Was Skillfully
Accomplished in Less Than
Seven Minutes.

From Frankfort, N. Y., a correspondent writes March 31: The excitement in railroad circles in the Mohawk Valley has been intense to-day over the shooting of Express Messenger Leake on the West Shore Railroad by a midnight robber, who subsequently bound and gagged his victim and rifled the safe.

When the train on the West Shore road due in Utica at 11:55 P. M. reached the station last night, the messenger in the express car did not open the door as usual. The depot men rapped, but received no response. Then the door was forced open, and there lay the messenger, Carlos S. Leake, on the floor bleeding from a severe wound in the right shoulder. He was weak and only said: "Telegraph J. W. Hunt, at Albany, that I have been shot and robbed." The train hands had heard nothing on the trip from Clark's Mills, the last station at which Leake had been seen, and the discovery of his condition created considerable excitement at the depot. Leake was brought to Frankfort and taken to the office of Drs. Skiff and Richards, who probed for the ball several hours without success. The doctors say the ball was evidently a .32-caliber. It entered the front of the right arm a few inches from the shoulder. Their probe traced it in its course around the top of the arm, and they believe it is lodged in the back of the shoulder. The patient was very nervous and excited and was weak from loss of blood. The doctors say the wound is not necessarily fatal, though it is hard to tell what will result from a bullet wound near a joint.

As soon as Leake was revived he talked freely of the manner in which he was attacked. He said he was sitting on a chair soon after the train left Clark's Mills. Suddenly a man entered the car through the side door, which had been carelessly left unlocked, and before he could say a word, the intruder said: "Throw up your hands!" In a rough voice.

Leake did not obey at first, and the robber pulled a revolver and fired, saying as he did so:

"There, damn you, the next time I tell you to throw up your hands I guess you'll do it, won't you?"

As Leake fell to the floor the robber gave him a slap with his hand, which partially stunned him. Then the robber grasped Leake's hands, thrust them over his head, and bound them together with a heavy fish line, of which he had a large bundle. While he was binding him Leake looked up into the robber's masked face and said:

"You are a nice coward, ain't you? I am bleeding to death from your bullet wound, yet you tie my hands."

The burglar said nothing in reply to this, but placed a gag in Leake's mouth and tied his feet to a ring on the safe. The robber then reached in Leake's pockets and took out the keys of the inner drawers of the safe. Leake says he never saw a quicker and more systematic worker. The fellow filled his pockets with packages of money, and had several minutes to spare from the time the train left Clark's Mills to where it must stop before crossing the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road west of Utica—less than seven minutes. While waiting for the train to stop the robber said to Leake:

"D— you, if you tell of this I'll come back and kill you outright."

The plucky messenger slipped his gag and replied: "You are a pretty coward. Shoot a man down, rob his car, and then threaten to come back and kill him."

Then the train slowed up and the man jumped off the car and was lost in the darkness. From this place to the Utica depot Leake managed to get himself partly loose from his fastenings, but was unable to untie his hands or get away from the position in which he was found. He described the man as about six feet tall, large, and well built, and his shoulders seemed to be very straight. He wore a black slouch hat, a canvas mask which reached below his collar, and a pair of flannel wristlets. His hair was cut short at the back and his hands were calloused from hard work. While Leake could not give the exact amount that was stolen, as he had not made up his accounts, he thinks there was not far short of \$2,000. Leake is thirty-two years of age, a son of John Leake, a respectable farmer of Sharon Springs. He has been connected with the company since the West Shore Railroad started. He was taken to Albany, where he is doing finely.

John Stevens of Genesee, Mich., was on the train, on his way to visit friends at St. Johnsville, where he is now stopping. A little beyond Clark's Mills he saw a man walk through the car toward the baggage end. Most of the passengers were asleep. Stevens says the man threw his eyes in all directions. Stevens did not like the looks of him. He had dealt with criminals, and concluded that this man was one. He describes him as fully 6 feet tall, wearing a slouch hat, and having a full beard, partly gray. He thinks he would weigh 225 pounds, and was about forty years of age. His complexion was dark, and he looked like a Southerner. That was the last Stevens saw of the man, and he has little doubt that he was the robber. Utica people think that the man who committed this crime is the person who robbed the West Shore passenger depot office in Utica a few weeks ago. Then he pre-empted two revolvers at Ticket Agent Barger's head, ordered him to surrender his keys, ransacked the drawer,

took \$17 that was there, made the ticket agent give up his money and ordered him to also give up his watch. The ticket agent pleaded with the burglar to leave him his watch, as it was given to him by his mother, and the burglar did so. The ticket agent describes the person almost exactly as Leake does.

Late this afternoon a clue to the robber was found. Two men were hunting with a dog in the Hatfield woods, about two hundred yards from the Ontario and Western Railroad station near New Hartford. The dog struck a trail and followed it to a spot where the torn pieces of express envelopes were found. The robber had torn some of the bank notes in his hurry to open the envelopes. The country round about is being scoured by officers.

LURED TO DEATH BY VISIONS.

Ex-Gov. Reynolds, of Missouri, Leaps Down an Elevator Shaft.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Ex-Gov. Thomas C. Reynolds committed suicide last Monday afternoon by throwing himself down the freight elevator shaft at the Custom House in St. Louis, Mo. A few minutes before he fled in the United States Circuit Court the proceedings in the suit of the Iowa Barb Steel Wire Company against the Southern Barb Wire Company, heard before him as Master about ten days ago, and the clerk of the court remembers that the Governor looked rather out of sorts when he handed him the papers, as though something was troubling him, but the clerk thought nothing of it at the time. Mr. Reynolds left his overcoat and umbrella in the room and sauntered into the court room and during the next ten or fifteen minutes was seen walking back and forth in the corridors and anterooms as if in a deep study.

Before he had been missed a report was received that a man had fallen down the shaft of the elevator, a distance of eighty feet. Several ribs and a leg had been broken, but Mr. Reynolds was alive. A doctor was summoned, but upon his arrival the injured man was dead.

A letter found in his pocket gave evidence of suicide, but evidence also that he was not in his right mind, and this was confirmed by his actions in the court room. It seems he had contemplated suicide, and finding the gate of the elevator open he took off his hat and overshoes and jumped down.

The body was carried to the Four Courts and the letter found in the pocket was turned over to the Chief of Police. On the outside of the envelope, on the front, was an inscription in pencil. The first of it was distinct. Under the signature was a further inscription, not so clear and written apparently just before the fatal leap. It reads as follows:

"Memoranda, to be opened immediately after my death, but not before. THOS. C. REYNOLDS."

"My last thought will be for the welfare and happiness of my beloved and devoted wife."

Within was a letter in the Governor's handwriting: The letter was written in ink and in a firm hand, and the signature was bold and free.

Mr. Reynolds was born in Charleston, S. C., Oct. 11, 1821, but removed when quite young to Virginia, where he studied at the University of Virginia, and afterwards went to Germany to complete his education. In 1842 he graduated in law at the University of Heidelberg, and during the next winter pursued a literary course at the University of Paris, returning to Virginia in 1843, and was admitted to the bar the next year. He was Secretary of the United States Legation to Spain from 1846 to 1848, returning to America in March, 1850, and locating at St. Louis.

From 1853 to 1857 he was United States District Attorney, when he resigned. In 1860 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, and in the civil war sided with the Confederacy. At the close of the war he went to Mexico, where he stayed till 1868, being there very intimate with Emperor Maximilian.

He was a member of the commission appointed some years ago to visit South American countries in the interest of commerce with the United States. When the present Administration began he was an applicant for the Mexican mission, and was in Washington a good part of the winter of 1885-86, running over from Baltimore, where he was living with relatives. Towards the end of the winter he gave up all hope of preferment.

In 1854 Gov. Reynolds fought a duel with the late ex-Gov. B. Gratz Brown. The trouble between the two men grew out of politics. Reynolds was a National Democrat and Brown a Benton Democrat. Out of the warm political discussion in which both men participated prominently there sprang a feud which culminated in a duel. It was fought on the east side of the river opposite Carondelet. Both men fired when the word was given and the bullet from Reynolds' revolver struck Gov. Brown in the left knee. Reynolds was unhurt. Gov. Brown never recovered from the lameness consequent to the wound. Reynolds was a dead shot, and it is said did not aim to kill Brown, but to maim him.

Ex Gov. Reynolds was married twice. His first wife was burned to death several years ago in a fire caused by the explosion of a lamp. He was married to his second wife three years ago, and they were boarding at the Southern Hotel. He had several children by his first wife, but all died years ago.

ACQUITTED OF MURDER.

Our correspondent at Lafayette, Ind., writes April 1: Jim Shortridge and John Cunningham, of Tippecanoe county, tried for the killing of Simeon Gerard, of Warren county, have been acquitted of the crime. Gerard had robbed the residents of Battle Ground, Indiana, and escaped down the river with his plunder. Four members of the Tippecanoe Horse-Thief Detective company gave pursuit. They came upon Gerard's camp near Kickapoo Springs, but the man was gone. They found the stolen property and remained on watch until morning. About daylight a stranger approached the camp, and to the warning to halt and throw up his hands he kept on advancing, and drew his pistol. Simultaneously two gun reports rang out and the man pitched forward dead. The defunct man proved to be Gerard. Some months after Gerard's friends caused Cunningham and Shortridge to be indicted. They stood trial and were acquitted.

PAUL BOYTON.

[With Portrait.]

Everybody knows or has heard of Paul Boyton, the celebrated and daring deep-sea swimmer, who has traveled all over the world in his rubber suit doing the most wonderful feats in the water. We print elsewhere an excellent portrait of the brave water king.

A BRACE GAME.

The Proprietor and the Dealer of
a Boston Faro Bank Shot
by a Player.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the afternoon of March 28 Dr. Adolph A. Albrecht shot and killed David Lanahan and mortally wounded Edward Flanagan, at a gambling house, 10 Avery street, Boston. The victims have for many years been known as professional gamblers, and Dr. Albrecht is a South End druggist and physician in good standing. Dr. Albrecht admits that he visited the place to join in a game of faro, Lanahan and Flanagan were the proprietors. Dr. Albrecht had been at the table half an hour only when, he says, he detected the others cheating. In a faro layout the player stakes his money on one or more cards as they lie on the table. The dealer shuffles a pack and removes the top card.

If the player has money placed upon a card on the table similar to the card next below the one removed from the top of the dealer's pack he wins. The second card is then removed, and if the player has money on a card similar to the third thus shown in the dealer's pack the latter wins. Dr. Albrecht says that he detected Lanahan, who was dealing, in the act of removing two cards instead of one from the top of the pack, the cards having been stacked so that the dealer knew the fourth card on which he (Albrecht) had placed money. Albrecht says he protested, and after a few hot words he seized his money off the board. Lanahan seized a heavy iron bar used to fasten the windows and attempted to strike him. The doctor continued:

"I retreated to one corner of the room and both men followed me. Lanahan made a pass at me with the bar, the blow coming near my head. Then I pulled my pistol and fired at him. I fired twice. I think, and he fell. Then Flanagan came at me with another bar, and I fired at him. I don't know how many shots. Flanagan ran down stairs, exclaiming: 'I'll get something that will fix you.' I stayed there in the corner; I couldn't get out, and I expected every moment that Flanagan would return. Finally the police forced their way through the window, and I was mighty glad to go with them."

The police were notified by people outside the building who heard the shots. They were unable to force the street door, and were compelled to get ladders and gain entrance through the second story windows. They found Dr. Albrecht in one corner of the room with pistol still in hand. The dead body of Lanahan lay on the floor, with an iron bar beside it. There were blood stains all about. A trail of blood led down the stairs, and Flanagan lay groaning at the foot, near the street door. His wounds were plainly mortal. He had four bullet holes in the head, and a ball had gone through his left breast. He was taken to the City Hospital, where the doctors said his case was hopeless. He was conscious.

The police took Dr. Albrecht to Flanagan's bedside two hours later. The dying man made an ante-mortem statement, in which he affirmed that Albrecht said that he was being cheated, seized his money from the board, and then pulled a pistol and began firing before he was attacked.

The police noted one circumstance that seemed somewhat inconsistent with Dr. Albrecht's version of the affair. When his pistol was taken from him four of its five cartridge shells were empty. On the floor of the room were found four more empty shells, showing that in all eight shots were fired. The query naturally arises: How did Dr. Albrecht get a chance to reload his revolver in the midst of his firing if he was so closely pressed by his assailants?

Dr. Albrecht is a highly educated and accomplished man. He was born in the Canton Valais in southern Switzerland. He was educated first in Paris, and received his medical training at Heidelberg. He is an accomplished linguist, and has seen much of the world, although only thirty years old. He is short, rather stout, active, keen-eyed and of prepossessing appearance. He has been located at the South End for two years or more, has a fairly good private practice, and his drug store does a profitable business. He came to Boston from New York, and before that he spent two or three years in hospitals in Colorado and elsewhere. He is unmarried and has no relatives in this country.

David Lanahan, his first victim, was forty-four years old, and so far as the police know he has been a professional gambler all his life. He lived at 2,858 Washington street, and has no family.

Edward Flanagan is the best known of the three men. He is well connected, but has been known as the proprietor of gambling houses for years. He is sixty years old. He has a son in the Mayor's office, and another is a policeman in East Boston.

A BRAVE BANK TELLER.

Though Wounded He Grapples With a Robber and
Holds Him Fast Until Help Arrives.

[Subject of Illustration.]

An Antigonish, N. S., special, dated March 23, says: The attempted bank robbery and murder here was one of the most daring acts in the criminal annals of Canada. The offender is said to have been principal in a bank robbery at Lewistown, Me., whence he escaped to Nova Scotia. He is Stanley Steele, of Guysboro, N. S. His wife and family are in Boston. He is an accomplished penman, refined in appearance and of excellent address. He came to Antigonish Friday afternoon, registered at the Central House, directly opposite the Merchants' Bank Agency and went at once to his room. Saturday forenoon he went to the station and made particular inquiries about the departure of trains, and then called at the bank and made some inquiries about cashing a draft.

Manager Harris went to dinner at noon, leaving Teller Currier and a boy in the bank. At 12:30 Steele entered the bank and said he would like to see the teller in the private office. They retired to the room. Steele closing the door behind him. In a moment the robber drew his two revolvers from his coat pocket, one in each hand, and, pointing one at Currier's head and the other at his heart, called on him to throw up his hands. Currier is twenty-six years old, six feet tall and a strong, wiry fellow. He threw up his hands, and in doing so sprang on his assailant. At the same

time Steele fired, and a bullet struck Currier in the forehead.

A life and death struggle ensued, Currier grappling with the murderous burglar with the desperation of despair. In the struggle Steele aimed a shot at Currier's heart and sent a bullet into his left side, which traveled along the rib four inches, then came out of his body and lodged in the wall.

All this was done in half a minute. McGill Avery, the boy, rushed into the private office, and Steele covered him with his revolver, and the boy ran out into the banking room, jumped the counter and ran into an adjoining building for assistance.

A score of men rushed to the rescue and Steele was secured. He was told that Currier was dead, and received the news with the utmost composure. He said that the first shot which entered Currier's head was fired by accident, but when it came to a matter of life and death with him he determined to kill Currier. His original object was to frighten Currier into silence by revolvers, and he was greatly surprised at his resistance. He thought to kill Currier, choke the boy, take the money, rush to the station and get away on the train, which would leave in a few minutes.

The bullet has been extracted from Currier's head, and the doctors hope for his recovery. Had Steele succeeded in his desperate attempt he would have secured \$30,000.

A BIG HALF HOUR'S WORK.

On March 12 a gentleman of Cambridge University, England, backed himself against time to perform the following feats: Kill twelve pigeons, jump over six hurdles on foot, and leap a horse over six more, scull one mile and run one mile in the short space of half an hour. The place selected for the performance of this undertaking was a mile from Ballistie Sluce. A large concourse of persons assembled. Betting commenced at three to one against him. About half-past 12 the gentleman made his appearance, and he soon began his work of destruction among the pigeons, and for the performance of this part of the undertaking five guns and eight traps were provided, with twenty-one pigeons. The signals were given, down they came, one at a time, and before four minutes had expired the twelve pigeons were killed, out of nineteen fired at; of the remaining two, one escaped and the other was false, for which a quarter of a minute was allowed, according to agreement. This part of the feat which from the most moderate calculation was expected to have occupied eight minutes was performed in three minutes and three-quarters. He then started for the first six hurdles, which were placed about three yards apart; these he cleared in a twinkling, and, having mounted his steed, took the next six in gallant style, the whole of the leaping being completed in two minutes and a quarter. He then quietly jumped into a boat and with apparent ease sculled a mile down the stream in nine minutes, amidst the plaudits of the persons assembled. The next and last thing to be performed was to run a mile, which he commenced by a walk a quarter of the way, and the remainder was only a moderate pace. This took up seven minutes and a half, thus accomplishing the undertaking in the incredibly short space of twenty-two minutes and a half.

A BOILER GOES OFF LIKE A ROCKET.

A special from Cincinnati, April 4, says: A most singular case of boiler explosion was that at George Crawford's saw mill, near Mill Creek. The mill was on the bank of the Ohio river. When the boiler exploded it leaped from its bed 200 feet into the air and described a curve like that of a rocket. It shot downward into a little shanty boat of the kind so numerous moored on the shores of the Ohio river and used by families as dwellings. This boat was occupied by Mrs. Mollie McLean, her son-in-law and daughter, Charles A. and Lissie C. Grant.

Mrs. Grant had just been to the grocery and was just entering the boat when the boiler struck her in the middle of the body, cut her to pieces and crashed through the boat hull, destroying the craft. Mr. Grant was not a dozen feet away sitting on the bed, and saw the whole affair. There has been but one event similar to it here, and that was several years ago, when Wood & Conahan's boiler sailed through the air from the canal to Baymiller street, half a mile distant, and killed two children at play on the sidewalk. The injuries of the mill hands to-day were slight.

HE GETS HIS MONEY.

"Is it true," asked a PALLADIUM reporter of Mr. Byron D. Houghton this afternoon, "that you really won \$25,000 in the recent drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery?"

"Yes, sir; the report is correct and the money is now in my possession. It arrived this morning by the U. S. Express Company and I have it on deposit. I wasn't elected mayor where I could earn \$250 a year, but I am satisfied nevertheless."

"How did you come to invest?" asked the man who is always in search of information.

"I'll tell you," answered Mr. Houghton. "In December I was induced to buy a half ticket. I drew a blank, but having faith in the enterprise I bought twenty dollars worth of the tickets for the January drawing. In return I received \$30. For the March drawing I purchased \$50 worth of tickets and drew \$25,000. I sent my tickets to New Orleans March 23 and my money arrived to-day. Come in and I will show it to you."

"No, I'm kept busy counting my salary," said the reporter, "but I would like a silk plug hat, if you think well of it."

"There is a queer thing in connection with my streak of good luck," said Mr. Houghton. "Of course you know I'm a good Democrat, so I sent my money forward on March 4, the anniversary of Mr. Cleveland's inauguration. The drawing occurred on March 17, and being a good Irishman I could not fail to win."

"Did you ever try any other lottery?" asked the reporter.

"No, sir; the Louisiana is good enough for me. It always pays what your ticket calls for. Try it once." The reporter fished out a nickel and went over and invested in a tract. — *Owego (N. Y.) Palladium*, March 31.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East Ninth St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.



KATE NOORZ?

HOW THE VICTIM OF THE RAILWAY TRAGEDY LOOKED WHEN SHE WAS ALIVE.
[From Photographs And Sketches Expressly Made for the "Police Gazette."]



FIERY MRS. FLINT.

SHE TRIES TO FORCE HER LANDLADY MRS. LEE TO SIT ON A RED HOT STOVE
AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



STILL ANOTHER.

A WEST SHORE RAILROAD EXPRESS MESSENGER IS FOUND BOUND AND WOUNDED IN HIS CAR NEAR FRANKFORT, N. Y.



PLENTY OF FUN.

THAT IS WHAT MARSHAL WHEELER OF ST. LOUIS HAD WHEN HE RAIDED A MOONSHINE STILL NEAR NEWMALIE, MO.



BRAVER THAN ANY OF 'EM.

SENORITA HERNANDEZ, A LADY BULL-FIGHTER, MAKES AN IMMENSE SENSATION IN THE PLAZA DE TOROS, OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the
Arenic Events of the Week.

John L. Sullivan's combination is meeting with big success. Pat Sheedy is the mascot.

There are many who believe that Jack Fogarty's hand is permanently disabled for fighting, and that he will never be able to use it again in a ring. Fogarty, however, hopes to be able to do some fighting in a short time.

A well known sporting man of this city has written to Jim Smith, the English champion, offering him big inducements to come to this country. If the English champion accepts the offer, his arrival here will be anxiously looked for.

What is the use of any of the light-weight division of the state fraternity claiming the light-weight championship while Arthur Chamber's protégé, Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, holds that title and is ready to meet any man in the world for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

The admirers of Jake Kilrain are eager to see him face John L. Sullivan in the twenty-four foot ring with gloves. Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's backer and manager, is trying to bring about the match, and if Sullivan and Sheedy comply with the conditions that Kilrain proposes it will be a go.

Frank Siffel, the pugilistic baseball catcher, was decided the winner of a 4-round glove contest with "Bill Gabig at Prof. John H. Clark's Olympic Club, Philadelphia, April 1. Jack Kelly was the referee. It will be remembered that Siffel boxed a draw with Jack Fogarty at the old Club theatre a little over a year ago.

At Norristown, Pa., on March 29 there was a great deal of opposition to the John L. Sullivan combination appearing at that place, as a law was passed in 1896 prohibiting prize fighting and boxing matches in Montgomery, Pike, Luzerne and Schuylkill counties. Manager Boyer is determined to have the show at the Opera House, as Sullivan simply "poses," he says.

The prize fight for the alleged light-weight championship of America between Jimmy Carson, of England and Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn, is off. It is claimed that McAuliffe refused to go on with the match because he did not like the way the manager of the affair was running the show. Little interest was manifested in the match, because the sporting public are well aware that the cheap bait said to be a championship emblem amounts to nothing.

E. F. Mallahan and Arthur Chambers are making arrangements to bring Paddy Smith, the plucky light-weight of Brooklyn, and Jimmy Mitchell together in a 10-round glove fight at the Arlington Club, Long Island City. If arrangements are made to bring these men together they will attract thousands of spectators to witness the contest. Mitchell and Smith, after their great contest in Philadelphia, may be classed as two of the greatest light-weights of America.

At Youngstown, Ohio, recently just before daylight, between Hargate, of Youngstown, and Edward McDonald, of Brooklyn, E. D., with a few friends, men in a barn and fought for \$200 a side. The contest was according to the London prize ring rules, with small gloves. Sixteen rounds were fought, when McDonald claimed a foul, which the referee refused to allow, and McDonald declined to continue the fight. Hargate was then awarded the fight and the stakes.

Ed. Morrill of Louisville, the backer of Patsy O'Leary, called at the office of this paper April 2 and stated that Patsy O'Leary was ready to fight Ike Weir, the "Belmont Spider," according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$1,500 a side. The bout is to be fought in or within 100 miles of New York in four or six weeks from sign articles. The purse of \$1,500 has been subscribed by well-known gentlemen in this city, and if Weir is ready the match can be ratified at twenty-four hours' notice.

At Philadelphia, on April 1, the benefit tendered Pat Farrell and Billy McLean attracted about 1,000 persons to the Elite Rink, Twenty-third and Chestnut streets. The evening's entertainment consisted entirely of boxing, there being set-tees between Jack Lynch and Spring Dick, Tommy Ferguson and Joe Bustard, Danny Kelleher and Jimmy Ryan, Cosgrove and Ned Pluckfield, Carr and White, Collins and McGuire, White and Spence, Buzzard and Cosgrove, and Carter and Colbert. The wind up was three friendly rounds between Pat Farrell and Waddy Killeen. Professor Flindley acted as master of ceremonies.

Charley Mitchell, the famous boxer, is again on his way to this country. He sailed from England on March 31, accompanied by his wife. Mitchell, on his arrival, will throw down the gauntlet to meet all comers in the state arena. Mitchell has grown broader and more muscular since he left these shores. Mitchell was born on November 24, 1861, and stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height. Mitchell's chest is well developed and his shoulders are broad enough for a man of 190 pounds avoirdupois. He is well put together and has splendid loins, while his thighs are of adamant toughness, every muscle well defined and equal to the most exacting duty it may be called upon to perform.

In the late state encounter at Greenford, Eng., between Hopwood (Dido) and Dave Burke, the latter gained the lead at the commencement and did resort to dropping after the first or second round to avoid punishment. Dave was accused of hitting his opponent while on his knees, and was duly cautioned by the referee. Hopwood then fell weak, and it looked all up with his capacity to renew the struggle, and then the referee declared the fight a draw, because in the previous portion of the fray Burke had hit him man unfairly. Either Burke should have been disqualified if he had repeated his conduct after being cautioned, or it was unjust to rob him of the honor of victory when he had did so by declaring the battle a draw.

There is now every prospect of an important state encounter being arranged between Jimmy Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Harry Gilmore, of Canada, for \$1,000, the "Police Gazette" Diamond Belt and the light-weight championship of America. The following dispatch was received at this office:

MONTREAL, Canada, April 2, 1897.
Richard E. Fox, Esq.:
Notify Arthur Chambers, the backer of Jimmy Mitchell, that I am ready to arrange a match to meet Mitchell to contend for \$500 a side and the light-weight championship and the belt. Allow your representative to arrange match for me, to take place in four, six or eight weeks, according to rules governing the belt.

HARRY GILMORE.

A glove fight was fought at Wilkesbarre on March 29 between John Williams and John Lewis. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$300. The affair was kept very quiet, and was only witnessed by thirty or forty friends of the two men. Lewis is slightly taller and heavier than Williams, but both men will weigh close to 180 pounds. The fight was a desperate one. Lewis had his nose broken in the tenth round, but kept up the fight, though suffering terribly. In the eighteenth round both men were cut and battered until they were hardly recognizable, but it was evident that Williams was almost too weak to stand. After a few ineffectual attempts Lewis got in a blow on the jaw which settled the fight, Williams not being able to come to time again. The two men were arrested and fined \$15 each.

George Ducharme, a prize fighter of some local fame as Tom Chandler's Unknown, died at the County Hospital, in Chicago, recently. It was supposed that his death resulted from injuries received in a sparring match in which he had engaged some weeks ago at Tom Chandler's gymnasium, on South Clark street, Chicago, his opponent being Joe Fogarty. Immediately following the fight in question Ducharme was removed to Chandler's residence, 494 Wabash avenue, and his condition becoming serious was taken to the County Hospital on March 6. The "Police Gazette" correspondent visited the hospital and sought Dr. Keith, who had Ducharme's case in charge, with a view of ascertaining the cause of the prize fighter's death. "Ducharme was in a state of high delirium upon his arrival here," said the doctor, "and would not speak; in fact, he had but few rational moments until the time of his death. He was accompanied by Tom Chan-

der, but I was not informed of the fact of his having engaged in a fight until the day preceding his death. He seemed to have a severe attack of mumps, which developed in a few days into typhoid fever, and that was the cause of his death. If Ducharme had received injuries in the fight mentioned he had certainly recovered from the effects before being brought here." Ducharme's remains were taken in charge by Undertaker Sigmund, and turned over to the father of the deceased, who shipped the corpse to his home in Wisconsin, where the interment took place.

Tom Hinch of Milwaukee, the middle-weight pugilist who George LeBlanche defeated at St. Paul, Minn., on March 25, 1897, in seven rounds, was born 25 years ago in Chicago. He now weighs fully 172 pounds, but can train down to 154, which is his present fighting weight. He has been in the ring for eight years, but obtained nothing more than a local reputation until four years ago, when Jim Elliot, who was killed by Jerry Dunn, first took him upon the road. His first fight was with Jim Brady of Buffalo, who a year or two ago fought Patsy Cardiff at Fargo. The fight occurred in Chicago, Hinch winning in nine rounds. Since then he has fought fully sixty battles. The most prominent among these were: Defeated Jack Colbert, known as Baltimore Jack, in Bracerville, Ill., 21 rounds. Defeated Bill Paterson in Bracerville, Ill., 19 rounds. Draw with Jim Barry for middle-weight medal of Illinois. In this fight Hinch broke his left arm in the fourth round. Beated Prof. Conley, the "One Eyed," in Evansville, Ind., 7 rounds. Draw John Dalton, in Chicago, 6 rounds. Defeated Jim Duffy in Chicago, 5 rounds. In addition to these Hinch met Capt. Dalton in Chicago, but the fight was stopped by the police. He has also met Frank Glover five times. The first two matches resulted in draws, and the other three Hinch won, as the conditions were that Glover was to have stopped him in six rounds. Two years ago Hinch and Cardiff came together in Bloomington, Ill. It was to have been a friendly set-to, but it proved to be a regular fight. For six rounds the men slugged each other for keeps. Neither had the advantage. Hinch's latest fight was ten round draw in Milwaukee with McHenry Johnson, the "Black Star," and Lem McGregor, the "St. Joe Kid."

A desperate battle was fought at Hot Springs, Ark., on March 26, between Jack McElroy, of New York, and George McCullough, of Denver. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$200 a side. McCullough weighed 174 pounds, McElroy 145 pounds. McElroy was looked after by James Russell, of New York City, while Frank Crook, of the same place, looked after McCullough. Mr. Morgan, of Indianapolis, was chosen referee. Upon the call of time the two pugilists stepped into the center of the ring, shook hands and began one of the most notable contests on record. For the first four rounds McCullough forced the fight, giving and taking some heavy blows, with but little damage to either party. The fifth was a very warm round and was a fearful one for McCullough. He was knocked flat on his back twice and severely punished about the mouth and eyes and had McElroy forced the fighting in the next two rounds he would have undoubtedly come off the victor. Up to the eighteenth round neither seemed to have the advantage. McCullough had seemingly recovered from the severe punishment of the fifth round and McElroy showed no signs of giving out and had no marks either on face or body. Cautious fighting was adopted by both men until the twenty-seventh round, when McCullough began forcing it, and swinging his right with fearful execution knocked McElroy down and drew blood for the first time. From this round to the finish it became evident that the former would win, and such proved to be the case, for in the thirty-seventh round he knocked McElroy under the ropes, and when ten seconds had passed he had not recovered, and the referee decided that McCullough had won. Time 2 hours 28 minutes.

John L. Sullivan and his combination of pugilists held forth at Paterson, N. J., on March 29. Sullivan made a speech before sparring with Joe Lannon. The champion said: "You have got to excuse imperfections in my sparring on account of my broken arm. I am nursing it now, so when I go to the other side my record will be as good as here." The champion's sparring was very tame. LeBlanche and Bob Carroll sparred three rounds. The boxing was lively and the two chased each other about the scenery. The fight was declared a draw. The last event of the programme—three rounds between Sullivan and Steve Taylor—was so tame that many of the spectators left after the first round. On March 30, the combination appeared at Industrial Hall, Philadelphia. About 3,000 persons were present. The champion appeared in two bouts, the first with Joe Lannon and the wind-up of the evening with the veteran Steve Taylor. They were both friendly affairs, although the Boston boy showed some desperate feats with his right. His injured left was used very little. He asked the indulgence of the audience, because he wished to nurse his arm, as he expected to do something with it before he died. The set-to of the evening were between Jimmy Carroll and Bob Turnbull, Nitchie Golden and Tommy Ferguson, two local men; George LeBlanche and Bob Turnbull, Joe Fowler, of New York, and Mike Coburn, of this city, the Marine and Carroll and Steve Taylor and Joe Lannon. Jimmy Carroll and Bob Turnbull gave quite interesting exhibitions, but the "go" between the Marine and Carroll was the sensation of the evening. There was considerable ill-feeling shown by both men, and the hitting was fast and furious. Wrestling and tripping was indulged in both being thrown to the stage. In the first round the Marine gained a square knock down by a left-hand hit full in the face.

Jimmy Mitchell writes that he is the light-weight champion of America, and that no other boxer has any right to claim that title and it is all nonsense for McAuliffe to state he is matched to fight for the championship when he refused time and again to meet him for the title. Read his letter:

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 2, 1897.

To the Sporting Editor:
Dear Sir—I am disgusted to read about the light weight champions, or the men in Brooklyn, Boston and Canada who claim to hold that title. Every one knows that there can only be one champion at any game where fighting, wrestling, running, etc., comes in. I claim that distinction, because my backer has time and again put up a forfeit to match me to fight all comers for the light-weight championship. I claim the "Police Gazette" diamond belt is the recognized trophy, which represents the light-weight championship, and I am ready to meet all comers at 135 pounds, to battle for the trophy. I will meet Gilmore and six weeks later McAuliffe, or meet the latter first, if I am allowed the opportunity. A champion must be ready to accept all challenges, and not arrange matches with inferior men in order to avoid a better man who is ready to make a match at a moment's notice. It is not customary for champions to select who they shall fight, but be ready to meet the first challenger. I am ready to meet the best light-weight in America, bar none, McAuliffe preferred, who goes to show that I mean business. My motto is first come first served; so there is no one with my challenge staring him in the face should he have the assurance to bill himself as champion, because he is not the genuine article, and the public are aware I hold the belt; and who has the courage to put up their money and meet me for the trophy? I hope McAuliffe, the "champion," will do so, and before many months. Yours,
JIMMY MITCHELL,
Light-weight Champion of America.

At Portland, Me., on March 31, Jack McAuliffe, of Brooklyn and Billy Frazier, of Somerville, Mass., engaged in a glove contest limited to four three-minute rounds. Fred Goldert was the referee. The following is a report of the contest by the POLICE GAZETTE correspondent:

ROUND 1—McAuliffe was heavier than the Somerville boxer and both appeared eager to commence hostilities. On time being called Frazier led and landed on McAuliffe's neck with his left. McAuliffe responded, and there was a series of blows given and returned without special advantage on either side. Then Frazier delivered the first good hit, taking the New Yorker in the face. McAuliffe replied with a hard right hander, followed by his left, which were calculated to make Frazier understand the battle was to be a stubborn one. Frazier sent along a fine face hit, and then the two closed and exchanged many blows.

2—Frazier led as at first and smashed his opponent in the face and followed it up with a chest blow that told on McAuliffe, who promptly replied, giving Frazier enough to do to keep off the ropes. Frazier, after some very lively sparring, hit McAuliffe in the face and was rewarded with a burst of applause. McAuliffe struck Frazier a wicked blow in the neck and then both clinched and were separated.

3—In this round McAuliffe forced the fighting, and three times landed on Frazier's jaw, and finally drove him against the ropes. Frazier got in a splendid left-hander and ended the round by delivering a telling blow on McAuliffe's face.

4—The last round was lively enough to please the most exacting, and the men being well warmed up were unwilling to stop when ordered to do so. This round was a remarkably fine exhibition of scientific work.

SPORTING NEWS.

THE "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES.

All the important fights and boxing matches of the present day are contested under the "POLICE GAZETTE" RULES, which have been pronounced the only rules under which a match can be SQUARELY FOUGHT to the satisfaction of all parties. Copies of these rules can be obtained free on application to RICHARD K. FOX, "Police Gazette" Publishing House, Franklin Square, New York.

E. A. Skinner, the flyer on roller skates, has gone to Australia.

Chamberlayne, the owner of the Arrow, agrees to race the Mayflower for the Queen's cup.

Harry Wilkes' mile on April 2 in 2:13 1-2 was a wonderful performance for a stallion. Wilkes will beat this record before the season is over.

The New York "Daily News" says: "Now that Thayer, the jockey, has been ruled off the New Orleans track, who will curb the best horses?"

Hiram Twist, of Erie, and R. E. Sheldon, champion wing shot of Northern Ohio are matched to shoot at one hundred live pigeons for \$200 a side.

The Harry Wilkes-Oliver K. match is off. Oliver K. strained a tendon in a fore leg on the morning of March 26, and will not be in shape for a month.

The bill legalizing pool-selling at Monmouth Park, N. J., has become a law through the failure of the Governor to sign or veto it within the prescribed time.

John L. Sullivan and his combination appeared at Baltimore on April 1. The champion met with a big reception. He boxed with Steve Taylor, and they made a scientific set-to.

The New Orleans racing ended on April 2. Fair crowds have attended the races, but there has been so much butcher business that turf-goers were afraid to invest more than a five dollar bill.

H. G. Dobson has been appointed superintendent of the new race track which he is building near Yonkers, N. Y. It is about a mile this side of Yonkers proper, and will be a half mile course.

Freddie Gebhard has not scratched St. Saviour in the Suburban. Supposing he is not scratched and he starts, he will not do the trick, although many predict he will be well in the fore on the run home.

W. B. Canon, of Newark, is matched to shoot pigeons with Mr. Davis, of Greenville, N. J., for \$500, on the Jersey City Heights Gun Club grounds at Merion, N. J., on April 21, 50 birds a side, Hurlingham rules.

The French Cabinet have placed betting under the control of the racing societies, stipulating that a portion of the profits from the sale of privileges shall be devoted to the encouragement of horse breeding.

M. T. Conlon, of Leominster, a promising young pedestrian, has lowered the 10-mile square heel-and-toe walk record for Worcester county, Mass., to 1 hour 25 minutes, which is 6 seconds better than the best yet.

The Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared race was rowed from Putney to Mortlake on the Thames, England, on March 26. Cambridge won by three lengths. Oxford met with an accident by one of the crew breaking an oar.

It is reported that the Yale University crew is in a very bad fix at present. Stevenson has diphtheritic sore throat, and is unable to practice; Wilcox has gone home with bronchitis, and Capt. Rogers, Wells and Gill are suffering from very bad colds.

William Redmond, who was recently ruled off with his horse April Fool at New Orleans, was reinstated on Tuesday, as was also the horse. Redmond made a plausible showing in his own behalf, which prompted lenient action on the part of the management and judges.

At Paterson, N. J., on March 23, R. Bustard and J. Cartwright shot a tie at pigeons. Bustard killed 7 out of 10 and Cartwright 7 out of 12, the latter being conceded two dead birds. The match was for \$50 a side, and will be shot over in two weeks time for \$100 at the same place.

On March 23 a cocking main was decided near Rye, Westchester county, between Nipile from Fort Chester, owned by Mr. Johnson, and those from Harrison, owned by Mr. Hunt. The main was for \$50 each battle and \$200 on the odd fight. Fort Chester won 6 battles to Harrison's 1.

At the annual meeting of the Waparell Rowing Club the following officers were elected: Henry J. Behrens, Jr., president; Jeremiah J. Murphy, vice-president; George Bates, secretary; John Kraft, treasurer; John Canavan, captain; Chas. Beck and Arthur Muller, lieutenants; Benj. F. Bowen, Henry Hamann and John L. Delany, trustees.

On April 2, at Chicago, arrangements for the six-day go-as-you-please race for the diamond belt and the long-distance pedestrian championship of the world were completed. The race will commence at the Exposition Building on Monday, May 23. The race will be run over a track seven laps to a mile. Chas. E. Davies, of Chicago will manage the race under the auspices of Richard K. Fox.

The following are the players who have led in batting since the American Association was organized:

Year.	Name.	Clubs.	Per cent.
1883.	L. J. Browning.	Leavesville.	.383.
1884.	T. Marshall.	Chattanooga.	.388.
1885.	T. E. Barker.	Memphis.	.407.
1886.	L. J. Browning.	Leavesville.	.367.
1888.	Devo Ort.	Memphis.	.346.

Months ago when we stated in the "Police Gazette" that Bob Fisher, of Fosse, had a good chance in the Suburban, the knowing sportsmen, who continually lose their money by being too conceited, took notice of the information. Bob Fisher is a three-year-old and a mud horse. He started twelve times, won five races, was second three times, third once and was misplaced three times last year. If Garrison rides him he will be well up at the finish.

If Ike Weir, the Belmont Spider, is the great 180 pound boxer he claims to be, he should combine pleasure with profit by coming to this city and meeting Patsy O'Leary, of Louisville, in a glove contest. If the Spider and his backers will agree to meet O'Leary a purse of \$1,500 will be put up, a stipulated sum to be given the winner and loser. Ed. Morrill, the backer of O'Leary, is in this city and ready to do business. He believes that O'Leary can conquer Warren, Danforth, Willie Clark or any of the weights who exceed the 112 pound limit.

The following are the names of the several champion batters of the National League Baseball Association, who have led since its organization:

Year.	Name.	Clubs.	Per cent.
1876.	Ross Barnes.	Chicago.	.408.
1877.	J. L. White.	Boston.	.386.
1878.	Abner Dalrymple.	Milwaukee.	.356.
1879.	A. C. Anson.	Washington.	.427.
1880.	George Gore.	Chicago.	.365.
1881.	A. C. Anson.	Chicago.	.399.
1882.	D. Brouthers.	Buffalo.	.367.
1883.	D. Brouthers.	Buffalo.	.371.
1884.	J. H. O'Rourke.	Buffalo.	.350.
1885.	Rodger Connor.	New York.	.371.
1886.	M. J. Kelly.	Chicago.	.388.

The next six-day pedestrian race in Philadelphia, Pa., will take place at the Rink, May 2 to 7. The accepted entries are as follows: Vint Hart, Bennett, Noremec, Hughes, Strokel, D. Burns, Hurst, Albert, Sam Day, Golden, Ren Curran, Robert Popple, F. Mulholland, Dillon, W. Nolan, G. E. Dalton, C. Holt, Dan O'Leary, Easley, of Frankfurt; Frank Johnson, A. D. Lavion, Anson, Mack, Henry Anders, E. Harrison, Sola, J. F. Watson, R. Douglas, Dickinson, Pat Rafferty's unknown, Franklin, of

Delaware; F. Waldsauer, C. J. Adams, J. Riley, Nicholas Leland, P. Dowd.

The latest betting on the Suburban has had as a result the placing of Sir Joseph and Bob Fisher as favorites for the Suburban, both Tremont and The Bard, who in turn held the place of honor, retiring. A. M. Platt informs us a steady business is being done on the spring events. His principal transactions are as follows: About the Suburban: 4,000 to 200 against Sir Joseph, 5,000 to 100 against Arcino, 3,000 to 100 against Rupert. For the Brooklyn handicap: 2,500 to 100 against Free Knight, 2,500 to 100 against Ben Ali, 1,200 to 100 against Exile, 2,500 to 100 against Witham. For the Kentucky Derby: 2,400 to 50 against Lake Alexander, 2,000 to 100 against Duke of Bourbon, 2,000 to 50 against Tom Hood. For the Withers: 600 to 100 against Kingston, 1,000 to 200 against Hanover, 2,500 to 100 against Ferret.

Edward C. Stickney, the champion dumb-bell lifter, recently called at this office to test the "Police Gazette" 250 pound club. Stickney made several efforts to put up the largest club in the world, and was finally successful. Stickney is a modern Samson, and has accomplished some wonderful feats. His greatest feat was the breaking of Charles O. Brown's famous record by putting up a 4-pound dumb-bell 6,000 times in succession in 57 minutes. His bell being 1 pound heavier than that used by Brown, and performed in three minutes less time. Stickney desires us to state that he is anxious to match with any and all comers, and would be pleased to bear from all so-called champions.

The "Daily News," N. Y., April 1, published the following: "Richard K. Fox is trying to arrange an international yacht race across the Atlantic from Cape Clear, Ireland, to Sandy Hook. Yesterday letters were forwarded to the owners of the Coronet and Dauntless, informing Messrs. Bush and Colt that Mr. Fox was willing to arrange an international ocean race, open for all yachts, or give a gold cup, valued at \$5,000, for a return yacht race between the Coronet and Dauntless across the Atlantic, under the rules and management of the New York Yacht Club." The "Daily News" was correct. Richard K. Fox did offer to give a cup to be valued at \$5,000 for such a race, and the owners of the Dauntless and Coronet were communicated to in reference to the proposed race. If the gentlemen accept and they agree to contend for the trophy, the race will be a fixture for 1897.

In the old or palmy days of the prize ring, there was rarely or ever such a thing as a draw. Men were animated with a desire to win, and if darkness or the police interrupted the proceedings, a renewal of hostilities took place on the following day. To this fact the annals of the prize ring bear witness. Recently we have been treated to several ring contests, and they have all ended in this most unsatisfactory manner. The people who are concerned in the late upheaval of the pugilistic art consider that if two lads pepper each other for some short time, and a black eye or a bleeding nose is the result, that the bit of milling has answered all the purposes of a prize fight, and the constituted authority declares the encounter a draw. Men who have been killed in the prize ring, such as Anthony Noon, Brighton Bill, or Simon Byrne, died because (like Mr. Dombey) they would not make an effort to live after they had been beaten; in fact, they died through vexation of spirit rather than the blows of an adversary. The pugilists of old never dreamed of a draw—it was defeat or victory.

The first of the series of pigeon shooting matches between John L. Brewer, of Philadelphia and Wm. Graham, the champion wing shot of England, was decided at Merion, N. J., on March 31. The match was for \$500, each man to shoot at 100 birds from five traps, standing at the thirty yard mark, with Hurlingham rules to govern. The match began at a quarter past one o'clock, and after the first fifty birds had been shot at by each, Brewer led by two birds, the score being 44 to 42. Graham continued to have an uphill race until the sixty-fifth round, when he caught up to his opponent, and in the seventy-first round he led for the first time, and then only by one bird. This advantage was increased to two and then three birds. Graham from the overtaking point settled down to steady work, killing 39 birds in succession. His performance with his second barrel being remarkably clean and clever. Brewer, too, did well. Fifteen straight was his long string. The birds were retrieved by Herman's setter dog Duke for Graham, and by Frank Klenz of Philadelphia for Brewer. Brewer had three birds fall dead out of bounds and Graham two. In despite of the fact that it is the public opinion that Graham gets in his work with the second barrel, it may be remarked that he used it 42 times to 50 times by Brewer. The match lasted 2 hours 25 minutes. Score—Graham, 59 out of 100; Brewer, 87 out of 100. Frederick Quinan was referee.

In this city, on April 3, there was a quiet match between Billy Wilson of Fordham and Denny Connors of this city. They were seconded by Jack Nagle, the well-known oarsman, and Tommy Danforth, the champion feather-weight of the world. Dave Dunham acted as referee, while a well-known sporting reporter acted as timekeeper. The men fought with kid gloves in a regulation sized ring, "Police Gazette" rules. Connors was in excellent condition and weighed over 125 pounds. Wilson weighed 130 pounds. A few minutes after 3 P. M. Connors jumped lightly into the ring, followed by Wilson. After sparring cautiously for an opening Connors led, landing on Wilson's face and then jumping lightly out of reach. Connors's friends shouted to him to rush at Wilson and "do him." Wilson's friends were equally vociferous in their encouragement, and the referee stopped the fight to caution the spectators. Connors, when the round commenced, went at Wilson as though to knock him out immediately, driving him all around the ring. The call of "time" stopped the heavy fighting, and both men were returned to their corners. The third, fourth and fifth rounds were hard fought, and at the end of the fifth round both men were bleeding from a dozen cuts on the face and body. In the sixth round, while Wilson was forcing the fighting, Connors tripped and Wilson hit him a terrific blow in the face, knocking him clean through the ropes. A foul was claimed but not allowed. Connors was like a wild beast when the time was called for the seventh round. He rained blows at his adversary's head and face, which Wilson generally parried. For the following rounds the fighting was even, and both men were terribly punished. When time was called for the twenty-fourth round Wilson's friends and second advised him to throw up the fight. He had to be helped to his feet. His face was in a pitiable condition, and he breathed with difficulty. Connors, although badly used up, was in much better condition. His first blow caught Wilson on the neck, and as he staggered Connors again hit him, this time on the jaw, sending him to the floor. He quivered for a few seconds, and then lay still. Connors was declared the victor. A purse of \$150 was subscribed for the beaten man.

The glove fight between Ed Kinney of this city and W. C. Kelly of Altoona, Pa., for \$300 and gate money, came off recently on the farm of William Stout, east of Alum creek, O., and attracted a large crowd, who paid \$1 a head. Joe Griffin officiated as referee and timekeeper, and Bob Dean held the stakes. On time being called the men stepped up with their seconds, William Cox for Kinney and Louis Morehead for Kelly. Although the articles of agreement called for "Police Gazette" rules to govern, no such regulations were observed, and the fight from start to finish was marked by a total disregard for the conventionalities of the prize ring. The first knock down was credited to Kelly, he laying his man on his back with a well delivered neck blow. A clinch followed and some time elapsed before the men could be separated. In the second round Kinney gained the honor of the first blood with a stinger on his antagonist's nasal organ. A regular rib bender from Kelly brought Kinney to his knees. While down he was struck by Kelly and the men went to their corners amid loud cries of foul, which the referee would not allow. In the third round Kinney was much the more active and this led Kelly to clinch and fall on top of his man. No attention was paid to the referee's cries of "break," and it was evident that the men were punning each other while down. Foul was claimed by both sides in this round. The fourth round was the most savagely contested of any, and without the display of any science whatever the men fought each other all over the barn. Kelly again got in his clinching tactics and also eboed his man while holding him down. Kelly showed signs of the punishment he had received as he came up for the fifth round, and was evidently blown. Kinney was decidedly in the best trim and landed two or three body blows with good effect. Kelly again clinched, but Kinney, gaining advantage while down, got a hold on his man and gave him as clear a back throw as was ever seen. Before Kelly could regain his feet Kinney was ready for him and landed a good body blow just as time was called. It was remarked by several close observers that Kelly would be disabled in the next round even if he came to the scratch. This, however, he failed to do, and the fight was awarded to Kinney. Both men bore marks of punishment, although Kelly had suffered the most.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

Many boxers, both amateur and professional, either from lack of knowledge or want of practice, do not know how to deliver a blow. A boxer, to be able to administer a blow with sharp and telling effect, it is necessary that he should be precise and clean in his delivery, otherwise, instead of injuring his opponent, you are liable to disable yourself.

The first important attitude in boxing is the position of the arms, which, however, have to be varied according to the boxer's own capabilities. There is no specific or invariable rule applicable to every kind of figure, disposition and weight, for there are no two pugilists in the world whose position is precisely alike when they box or fight.

Attitudes are as various as men, but may be generally reduced to three—those of Humphries, Johnson and Mendoza. The first consists in placing the left hand and forearm, the fist opposite the mouth; the right hand nearer to the body, the fist covering the stomach; the legs considerably extended, the left foremost, the weight of the body poised on the right, the head erect.

This position is the most graceful. It is also the most manly; the breast expanded, the head boldly raised, and the limbs firmly planted, express the most martial air. The weight of the body thrown on the hinder leg must give greater strength to the blow of a person in this guard than any other.

The second is formed of the fists placed near each other, almost opposite the chin; the left a little before, and the weight of the body on the foremost leg. It is better calculated for shifting and gives the practitioner an opportunity of putting in more blows.

The third, or Johnson's attitude, consists of the fists held before the head, the arms nearly extended, the legs almost square, the body much bent, with the breast forward. This has little elegance and manhood in its appearance and is practiced by very few. The body is protected by this, more than any other guard; but the head is exposed.

Men possessed of uncommon strength in the loins should only accustom themselves to it as it must fatigue all others. The great advantage of this position lies in its being alike calculated to attack or defend; for the weight of the body being equally sustained by both legs, it is, by little exertion, moved in any direction, so as to guard against, or give vigor to a blow.

In general, the legs should not be opened more than half the extent, the left one foremost and the right an easy distance behind, but not in a direct line, so that would weaken your arm. The knees should be a little bent, so as to bring down your height and give you an opportunity of rising in giving your return, and the principal weight of your body should be placed on the foremost leg.

This is the most striking attitude and perhaps the best calculated for defense of the body by its being further removed from the effects of the coming blow, and though the head by this means seems to be a little in danger, the arms are in such a situation as to protect the head and stop every other attempt made at it. According to Jim Maco, the following is the best position. He says:

The hand should be properly closed, or, as the phrase is, the fist should be properly made up. This is a matter of much importance and will require practice. The fingers should be clenched, (not too tightly), and the thumb so doubled down outside of them, that when the arm is in proper position for action before your adversary, he can see no portion of it above the knuckles. If the hand be rightly held the knuckles form a sort of arch, and if at the moment the blow be given, the hand be clenched with all your might it cannot but be effective.

In the next place your left arm should be extended at about two-thirds of its whole length, and the extremity of the arm should range just below the level of your shoulder. The back of the hand should be turned downward, but at the same time the hand should be slightly turned upward from the wrist. By this position the back of your knuckles will be thrown exactly upon a line with the face of your opponent.

The advantage of this position of the left arm, is self-evident, and nothing could well be easier or less fatiguing, and while its powerful propelling muscle is scarcely in full tension, it is capable of complete and prompt exertion at any moment for offense or defense.

Secondly, your right arm should be extended across your body, your finger knuckles touching the nipple of the left breast. This must necessarily bring the knuckles of the back of your hand immediately towards your adversary's face. This position is even easier than that of the left arm, while its advantages are precisely the same. In each of them your elbow should be evenly squared, so that when either arm is put in motion, it will just clear the body either in drawing back or advancing.

In the next place, when you are sparring you deliver or push out each arm alternately, throwing out the one arm as you recover or draw back the other, so that when the one arm is out from the body, ready to repel or attack, the other is quietly at rest, prompt to seize upon a chance for any mischief which may court attention.

If you are accustomed to box with the left foot foremost, which is generally considered preferable, and commonly adopted, the left foot must be placed in a direct line with your adversary; the right foot must also be in a direct line with the line of your left foot.

The distance between the two heels should be, as precisely as possible, thirteen inches, while the toe of the right foot should be placed as nearly as can be at an angle of forty-five degrees from a line supposed to be drawn between your left toe and heel, and your right heel. Two thirds of the weight of your body should be thrown upon your left foot, which is supposed to be foremost. The reason for stating that so great a proportion of your weight should be thrown upon your left leg, is, to constitute it as much as practicable the center of gravity of your body.

The left leg should be nearly straight. It should not however be stiff in position. The right leg should be slightly bent, and the proportion of your weight which it bears should be thrown upon the ball of the foot. Your body should be turned about a quarter face from your adversary.

Besides the hands and feet the head performs an important feature in boxing. The boxer's brain box should be well poised upon the body. Its position should neither be too rigidly nor too loosely maintained, so that it may be rapidly thrown on either shoulder to avoid, if possible, a blow which may be wickedly aimed at it, by an opponent who is disposed to close your eyes or to otherwise defeat your frontispiece. The chin should be inclined in, but not too much so—this inclination must be slight. The teeth should be closed firmly, but by no means too tightly.

The eyes should not be too widely open. They should, however, as with the fells in fencing, be directly fastened upon those of your antagonist, with the purpose, if you are able to do so, of dividing his plan of attack. Let the reader, however, be warned that the eye is often an unwittingly treacherous servant. As you may be able to divine his purpose, by observing the eyes of your adversary, it might happen that he would be able to divine yours.

Therefore we would recommend you, as much as possible, to discharge all active expression from your eyes. An opponent of average skill and strength can always, unless opposed to

one much his superior, ward a blow successfully which he supposes beforehand is about to be made. The direction of the blow your purpose should consequently never be evinced by the eye.

The eye as much as possible should be one-third closed, as a person can look steadily at an object for a much longer period thus, than with his eyes wide open.

Another important feature is the body and its position and defence. In taking your position, the body should be placed in such a manner as not to render it irksome to the boxer. In other words, the chest should be inclined the least particle forward, while as the arms move, the body should also sway with them, for the sake of easing the muscles of either leg.

By paying attention to this, the body will to a certain degree assist its members in their work, and do something towards balancing the account between them; an account, which, by the by, it may very admirably adjust after the work is done.

I have seen Johnny Keating, Barney Aaron, Johnny Grady, Billy Kelly, Dick Hollywood, Tommy Kelly, George Seddons, Billy Partinson, Arthur Chambers, Sam Collyer, Race Bolster, Billy Edwards, George Fullamers, Jack Dempsey, Johnny Clark, Billy Fraser, Harry Gilmore, Johnny Reagan, Johnny McAuliffe and others of the light weight division fight in the orthodox twenty-four foot ring, but of all the hard fought battles I must say the glove contest between Jimmy Mitchell and Paddy Smith for the light weight championship will stand on the side record as one of the most desperate ever fought no matter how it ended.

The single-soul race between Jake Gaudaur and Wm. Beach for the championship of the world, in England, must have been the best ever contested, judging from the following description given by Beach, in prose, and published in Australia:

I knew 'twould be stiff, his condition was prime, And altho' I had beaten good men in my time, Late tidings reached London from far or the sea, Of his pulling so well 'twould be made hot for me. Never mind, I was fit, and I'd make the pace fast, And if I liked—well, no carman forever can last.

So we rode to the post and loosed for the sides, And we judged as we could of the wind and the tides; And thousands and thousands, for miles round the banks, Of women and children, all ages and ranks, Looked on. We nodded, and neither man spoke, And "Ready!" we're at it, and off struck and stroke.

How the roar of their voices came off from both shores, As the light spray drips off from our quivering oars! How handkerchiefs wave as we catch cheers for each, Of "Go for him, Gaudaur!" or "You've got him, Beach!" But soon we both saw, as we fetched each quick breath, Whether Gaudaur or Beach, 'twas a pull to the death.

Row and bow, oar and oar, stern and stern, stood the race; But no living man could keep up that fierce pace. Though I bent and I strained till my heart almost burst, I could gain but a foot, and then Gaudaur'd be first. I was caving, a moment my oars had to drop, He was gaining, I thought that the game was all up.

But he wavered, I saw it, and sprang up, and then I heard a friend's voice: "Now, Beach, at him again!" I thought of the thousands of boys far away In old Sydney all waiting for tidings that day, My breath came again, and the thought made me feel I'd the heart of a lion and muscles of steel.

From that out 'twas all over; I felt all my strength Coming back as I passed him and gained length by length. I could ease a bit now, for the post was in sight, And he never could collar me, row as he might, 'Twas my toughest race won, with no fouls and no tricks, When I rowed my last race in the year Eighty-six.

A sleepy looking countryman recently alighted from a train at Du Quoin, and with a tottering step wended his way to the Du Quoin hotel and registered his name as Billy Barbour. He journeyed to the baseball park and began boasting about a runner he had who could beat any one.

The backer of Jesse Cross, the colored sprinter, was present and remarked that he had a "coon" who could outrun any one.

"Well," says the stranger, "I would not mind going a 'coon' race myself for \$200, for I can run 100 yards in 11 seconds and few coons in the West can do 12 seconds; at least I never heard of them."

Cross' backer said: "I will bet you from \$200 to \$1,000, my man can beat you."

After considerable wrangling the match was arranged to take place the next day. Before night the stranger had backed himself to the amount of \$1,200. He received odds in most of his bets of 2 to 1.

The next day the farmers dropped their plows to see the great 100-yard race. At 2 P. M. the stranger and the nigger were started. For the first ten yards both kept even, but after that the stranger kept increasing his lead until he had five yards difference between himself and the "coon."

The stranger covered the distance, 100 yards, in the remarkable time of ten seconds. He left that night on the north-bound train for St. Louis.

Some persons present claimed it was Johnson, the renowned professional sprinter. At any rate he took every dollar the Du Quoin sports had.

I recently read in an English exchange that Tom Sayers' parents came from Dingle, Ireland, in the County of Kerry. If such was the case, Sayers' parents came from the same part of Ireland as the parents of John L. Sullivan.

I have searched the file of "Bell's Life," and I find that on April 28, 1880, it distinctly says that the parents of Tom Sayers came from Dingle, in the County of Kerry, Ireland.

Now, in spite of this statement, I claim that Tom Sayers' father was born at Storington, near Staying, Sussex, Eng., and there baptised in 1793. He lived at that place for many years, until he married a Sussex woman.

The Anglo-Saxon origin of Sayers is beyond dispute, and you can again bet your money on what we said formerly of Sayers' birthplace.

I had a wrangle at the Carlton House, Broadway, a few days ago, about the Pete Martin and Dooney Harris battle, and one of the parties was eager to bet \$1,000 that Matt H. Moore, better known as Rocky, was not referee; that Harris did not win by a foul, and that Barney Aaron did not second Dooney Harris.

Dooney Harris and Peter Martin fought, according to the London prize ring rules, at Stratford, Pa., Nov. 16, 1884. Harris was waited upon by Barney Aaron and Corcoran; Martin by Tom Chaffers and Arthur Mullen. Harris thought about 14 pounds the lighter man, had everything his own way from the start, cutting and bruising Martin's head and body frightfully, and dousing his right glimmer in the second round.

In the sixth round, after they had been fighting nearly 12 minutes, Harris dropped on his knees, in which position Martin struck him several times. Foul was at once claimed by the seconds of Dooney, which was allowed by the referee, Rocky Moore, and Harris was proclaimed the victor. The police made their appearance then and arrested Dooney, Bob Corcoran and several others, who were kept in durance vile.

Harry Hill held the stakes, and Martin's backer sent a protest against giving up the stakes, and upon his handing them over to Dooney, they entered suit for the recovery of their portion, which suit has not been decided, having been postponed from time to time.

LATEST SPORTING.

At Erie, Pa., on March 31, Hiram Twist of Pittsburgh, and W. W. Derby, of Erie, shot at live pigeons for \$200. Twist was to shoot twenty-five birds, New York State rules, and Derby a like number of birds, London rules. Derby won by three birds.

Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, has greatly improved in wrestling, and it is now a hard matter for any of the many wrestlers to conquer him. He is always ready to meet all comers, and no matter how muscular or tall his opponent may be, the Jap is never conquered without a desperate struggle.

A main of cocks and chickens was contested on March 30 in Hudson county, N. J., between sporting men of Newburg and Hoboken. Eleven pairs fell in, and were fought for \$100 a battle and \$500 the odd fight. The Hoboken birds were successful, the main terminating in a victory for them by seven fights to four.

George W. Rife the manager of the Monumental Theatre, Baltimore, is completing arrangements for the wrestling tournament for the "Police Gazette" trophy offered by Richard K. Fox. It is the intention of the management to make the tournament a big success. It is expected Duncan C. Kras, H. M. Dufur, Patrick McDonald, Matsuda Sorakichi, August Schmidt and a host of others will compete.

The following explains itself:
Tues. N. Y., March 20, 1887.

To the Sporting Editor:
I have an unknown that I will match against Tommy Warren, neither one to weigh above 118 pounds, for \$250 or \$500 a side, and I will not name the Spider, Tommy Danforth, P. O'Leary, Jack Farrell nor Jack Williams. The match to be decided by the "Police Gazette" rules, to a finish, with 2-ounce gloves, and the winner to take the entire gate receipts, the match to take place within 10 miles of Troy.

A prize fight for \$150 a side and a purse of about \$150 between Martin E. Snee, the light-weight pugilist of Haverhill, and William Curry, of Lowell, was fought on the sand at Hampton Beach, N. H., on March 22. About fifty witnessed the fight. The men fought with two-ounce gloves. They stripped at about 136½ pounds apiece. Billy Donohue, of Haverhill, acted as referee. In the first round Curry led out with his left, but fell short. Snee followed with a swift left-hander, catching Curry on the forehead. The contestants then sparred for points, and clinches were frequent, although both men did good work. Snee at last seeing a good opportunity, let go his left with terrific force. Curry was staggered by the blow, and dropped to the ground. At the end of the first round bets were offered at \$20 to \$10 on Snee, and there were no takers. The second round opened by Curry getting in an open hander on Snee's ear, drawing first blood. Curry next caught a solid blow on the left eye. Curry responded, finishing the round slightly in his favor. The second bout found Curry a plaything in Snee's hands, and the latter, though not disposed to severely punish his adversary, drove him about the ring, to the amusement of the spectators. The hard blows inflicted on Curry made him groggy. The fourth round was short, Snee knocking his man out in quick time. Curry fell in a heap and Snee took the fight.

It is evident from the fact that Ned Hanlan has gone into active training on the Charles, Boston, under the mentorship of William O'Connor, that he regards his coming race as a very serious matter. Hanlan has been taking the best of care of himself the past winter, and starts in this spring to settle the question as to whom the championship belongs. He has the greatest respect for Gaudaur as a sculler, and considers him a wonderful man in a boat. At this time last year Hanlan was unable to get any flesh on, he had nothing to train on, and consequently could not get in condition in time to go to England and enter the great international sweepstakes race, which was won by William Beach, Hanlan's old rival. After he had taken a few weeks' rest and light rowing on Lake Quinsigamond, he found that he was regaining his old form. When the stop watches of some of the most prominent boating men in the country showed 19 minutes 23 seconds for the three measured miles, there was no doubt in his mind as to what he would do. He at once started for England, and the manner in which he tried to force Beach into a match is well known. It was evident to any fair-minded man that Beach could not be forced into a contest with Hanlan, as there was any amount of money behind him, and to make himself more clearly understood he gave them all to understand they could be accommodated, which resulted in the present match. The question is often asked, is Hanlan going as fast as he was some years ago, and is he rowing in as good form? There is not a sculler living to-day that is so near perfection as far as form is concerned as Ned Hanlan, and as for speed he is confident of surpassing any of his previous records. If the opinion of such men as George Hosmer, John McKay and, in fact, nearly all the oarsmen of prominence, goes for anything, he is at the top of the ladder. However, the coming race will demonstrate who is the greatest American sculler, and if Hanlan wins he will follow Beach to the other end of the world or make him relinquish the championship. As for Gaudaur, his race with Beach is no criterion to go by, as he must have been at least 10 seconds off.

Patsy Cardiff has been pinned to the wall. The work has been done by Pat Killen. Ever since Cardiff met Sullivan at the Washington rink and saved his hide by an unavoidable accident to the champion he has been posing as a great pugilist. He has been repeatedly challenged by men of lesser light in the pugilistic arena, but in answer to all, he has said he would attend to the lesser lights after he had met Sullivan again. About ten days ago he met Mike Breslawer, Killen's manager, in the Columbia restaurant, at Minneapolis, and he informed Breslawer that he would fight Killen for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side. The challenge was telegraphed to Killen at Duluth the same night. A reply was received in a few hours saying that Killen would fight Cardiff for \$1,000 and that he would send forfeit money at once. The next day \$250 forfeit money was sent to a Minneapolis paper. A Police Gazette correspondent visited Cardiff and was told that Cardiff would meet Killen for \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side, but that the match must be to a finish. Said he: "If I ever get at the big bluffer I'll knock the paunch clean off him." The forfeit money sent by Killen was finally covered by Cardiff, and J. C. Murnane arrived in the city to arrange the details of the match. Murnane and Donaldson finally got together and the following articles were drawn up:

Articles of Agreement entered into between Patsy Cardiff of Minneapolis and Pat Killen of Duluth. Witnesseth: The above-named parties hereby agree to meet in a ten-round glove contest, at Washington Rink, Minneapolis, on Wednesday, June 15, 1887, providing the date of the pending match between the said Cardiff and John L. Sullivan is not named on or before June 1, 1887, per contract between the last-named parties. If the date of the Sullivan-Cardiff contest is named on or before June 1, 1887, per contract, then the date of the Cardiff-Killen match shall be within thirty days after Cardiff meets Sullivan. The above-mentioned contest between the said Patsy Cardiff and said Pat Killen shall be for 75 and 25 per cent. of the net receipts, winner to take 75 per cent. "Police Gazette" rules to govern. Contest to be with the smallest gloves that the law will allow. Referee to be mutually agreed upon on or before the date of the contest. In evidence of good faith \$250 a side is deposited in the hands of the Minneapolis Tribune, as a guarantee that the said Cardiff and the said Killen will meet as per above agreement. Either of the parties failing to do so will forfeit said \$250. In witness whereof we hereunto set our hands and seals the day and year first mentioned.

The articles were taken to Cardiff to sign. He read them through carefully and refused to sign them. He said: "Supposing I meet with an accident in the contest with Sullivan? If I do I could not keep my contract. I want the privilege of naming the date after I fight Sullivan." To this Murnane would not agree. The reason he gave was that Cardiff could delay the contest indefinitely. He was anxious to arrange the match, however, and to give Cardiff another and a final chance this clause was attached to the articles of agreement:

"It is furthermore mutually agreed that in case of personal injury to said Cardiff in his contest with Sullivan, whereby he is unable to meet Killen, then the above articles stand null and void." The articles of agreement as amended were signed by J. C. Murnane for Killen, and left with the Minneapolis Journal. This paper was given written authority to make a match between Killen and Cardiff according to the articles of agreement given above. The articles were presented to Prof. Donaldson for his signature. He refused to sign them he said: "Cardiff now has a match on with Sullivan, and he don't propose to blind himself to meet another good man until after he meets Sullivan." There the matter stands. One plea that Cardiff made was that he did not know when Sullivan would be ready to meet him. He said further that he could get no word about it from either Sullivan or Shoddy.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AGENTS WANTED.

A smart, energetic man wanted in EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA to sell the "Police Gazette" where there is no regular newsdealer. Sample Copies and Advertising matter MAILED FREE on application.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor,
Franklin Square, New York.

P. E. Louisville.—A win.
R. B., New Orleans, La.—No.
D. S., Harrisburg, Pa.—Sires.
W. L. T., Rochester, N. Y.—No.
SPARTANUS, Hartford, Conn.—Yes.

J. Stockton, Cal.—No, John Morrissey was never defeated in the prize ring.

B. J., Blanca, Texas.—We cannot give you any information on the subject.

S. W., Boston.—I. Ned Langham died at London, Eng., on Sept. 1, 1871. 2. Yes.

M. W., Trenton, N. J.—We inquired for the song, but found it was out of print.

R., Selma, Ala.—1. If you desire to wrestle Duncan C. Ross send a challenge, accompanied with a forfeit. 2. Yes.

—Ned O'Baldwin was murdered in a saloon in West street, New York, on Sept. 27, 1875, by Michael Pinnell, his partner.

G. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—Wm. Cummings, the Scotch pedestrian, made 1 mile in 4 minutes 16 1/2 seconds on May 14, 1881, at Preston, Eng.

M. M., Sao City, Iowa.—The son of a citizen of the United States, born abroad while his parents are traveling, is eligible to the Presidency.

S. T., Akron, Ohio.—1. It was on May 10, 1870, Maco defeated Tom Allen, at Kenner, New Orleans. 2. Ten rounds were fought in 44 minutes.

T. M., Hornellsville, N. Y.—1. The Brooklyn theatre was burned on Dec. 5, 1876. 2. Over 3000 lives were lost. 3. "The Two Orphans."

S. D., McKees Rocks, Pa.—Billy Edwards and Sam Collyer first fought at Cherry Point, Cone river, Va., Aug. 24, 1868, and Edwards won.

D. S., Utica, N. Y.—1. Ned O'Baldwin was born in 1840, at Linsmore, Ireland. 2. He stood 6 feet 5½ inches in height and weighed 215 pounds.

M. R., Selma.—1. Richard K. Fox found the who's of the stakes for Paddy Ryan when the latter fought John L. Sullivan on Feb. 7, 1882. 2. No.

M. J., Chicago.—Sam Hurst, the Staleybridge Infant, did challenge John Morrissey, John C. Heenan and Tom King to fight for \$200. It was in 1858.

M. H. R., Tombstone, Ariz.—1. No. 2. John L. Sullivan. 3. John C. Heenan sparred with Jim Maco in the fall of 1869, at Tammany Hall, New York city.

D. R., Charlotte, N. Y.—Jonathan Smith and Australian Kelly fought the longest prize fight on record, viz.: 6 hours and 15 seconds. 2. It took place in Australia in 1856.

B. D. A., Harper's Ferry.—Yankee Sullivan was killed by the vigilance committee in a cell at San Francisco, Cal., May 31, 1876. Can send you a Police Gazette with a full history of the affair.

H. J. D., Covington, Ky.—1. Dwyer Brothers, 2. Bramble defeated Duke of Magenta for the Saratoga stakes for the two-year-olds, three quarters of a mile, at Saratoga, July 31, 1877, in 1.17½.

S. B., Pottsville.—Ben Hogan and Tom Allen fought at Council Bluffs in the fall of 1873. Only three rounds were fought, when Hogan claimed a foul, and the crowd ended the affair in a free fight.

M. J., Boston.—Ben Caunt and Bendigo fought July 26, 1835, at Nottingham District, Eng. Caunt was decided the winner by Bendigo going down without a blow. The fight lasted 1 hour 20 minutes.

M. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—1. No. 2. J. wins. 3. Joe Winrow and Yankee Sullivan were to have fought for \$5,000 a side in California, October, 1885, but the match fell through. 4. Dan Donnelly was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1798.

D. B. J., Pittsburg.—1. The party who threw 5 sires. 2. Ned O'Baldwin fought Andrew Marsden twice, and Geo. Isles in the old country, and Joe Wormald in America, the latter fight being broken up by the police at the end of the first round.

D. S. H., Rome, N. Y.—The scores of the first six men in the fifth contest for the Astley belt in New York, from Sept. 23 to 27, 1879, were: Chas. Rowell, 594 miles 7 yards 2 feet; Samuel Merritt, 506 miles 374 yards 1 foot; Geo. Hassel, 496 miles 988 yards 1 foot 11 inches; Frank Hart, 477 miles 137 yards; Geo. Guyon, 465 miles 1,377 yards 2 feet; Weston, 449 miles 117 yards 1 foot.

M. W., Rome, N. Y.—Little Brown Jug, who was foaled in 1875, was sold when a yearling for \$27.50, and at 2 years old, for \$45. H. F. Bemis, of Chicago, in 1880 paid \$2,000 for him, and while in his possession during the campaign of 1881, at Hartford, Conn., he established himself the premier pacer of the world by pacing three heats in the unprecedented fast time of 2:11½, 2:11¾, 2:12¼.

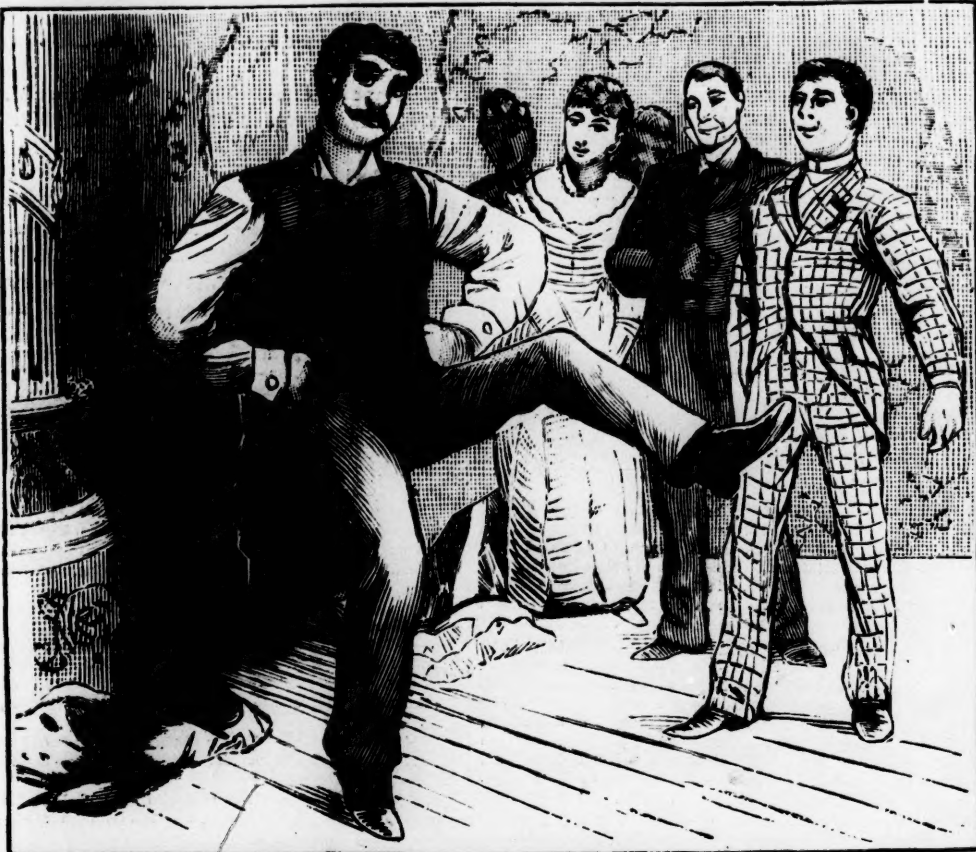
P. D., Cohoes, N. Y.—Yes. Tom Allen and Charley Gallagher fought their first battle at Carroll Island, near St. Louis, and the fight was won by Gallagher, who knocked Allen "out of time" in two rounds, lasting 3 minutes. 2. Allen and Gallagher fought again Aug. 17, 1869, on Foster's Island, St. Louis. Allen won in 11 rounds lasting 25 minutes, but Larry Wessel, the referee, declared Gallagher the winner.

H. R., Alton, Ill.—Simon Byrne, the champion of Ireland, died from the punishment he received in his fight with Jim, better known as Doc Burke, which was fought at No Man's Land, May 29, 1833. 2. The fight was for the championship of England and \$200. It lasted 3 hours 6 minutes. Ninety-nine rounds were fought. 3. Burke was born Dec. 8, 1809. He stood 5 feet 8½ inches in height, and weighed 174 pounds. 4. He died in London, England, Jan. 8, 1845.

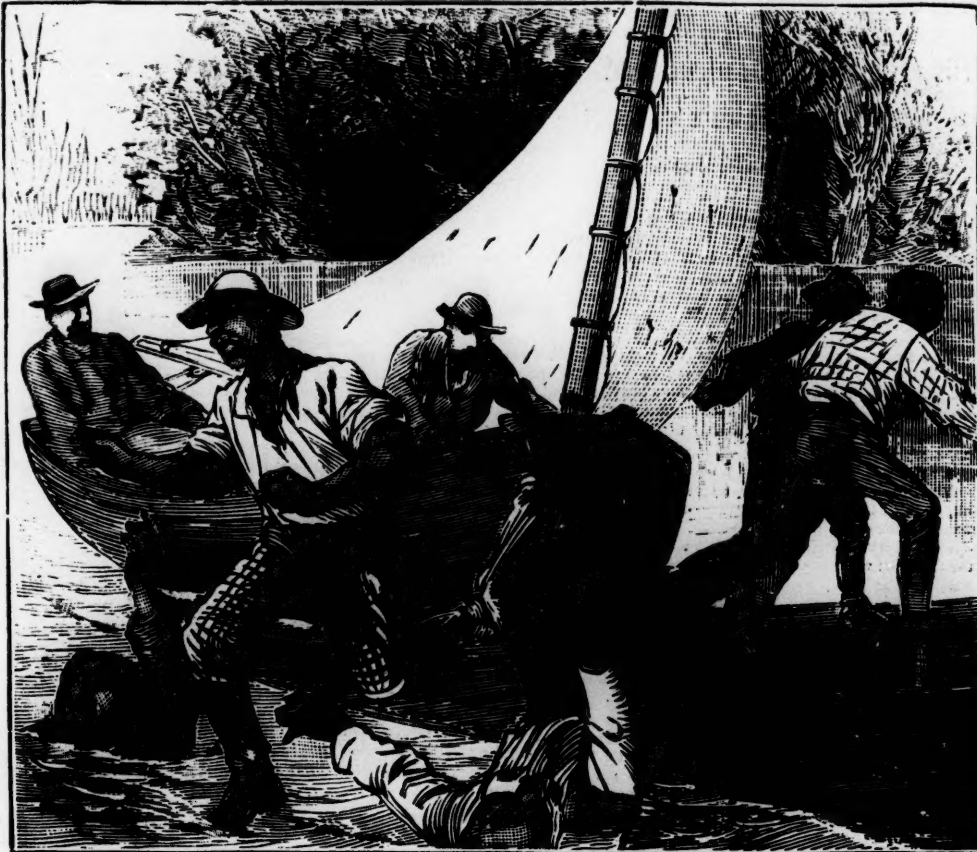
T. B., Amsterdam, N. Y.—Joshua, Gilbert, Charles and Henry Ward comprised the once famous Ward crew. They hailed from Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York. On Sept. 11, 1867, they rowed a six-mile race, three miles and a turn, in a four-oared shell, at Springfield, Mass., for the four-oared championship of America and \$2,000, against the St. John, N. B., crew, and won in 41 minutes 16 seconds. Afterward they rowed the Paris crew a similar race over the same course for \$3,000 and the championship, and were beaten. The Paris crew's time was 39 minutes 28½ seconds.

D. B., Latonia, Ky.—George Barbee was born on the shores of the North Sea on the East coast of England, in 1854. He was apprenticed to Count Lagrange when the Gladiator, winner in one year of the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, the Grand Prix of Paris and the St. Leger, was in the stable. Harry Grimshaw was the Count's chief rider then. Barbee came to this country in 1872 and astonished the sports at Long Branch that year by winning a race of four mile heats on the old plug King Henry that had been given away by Mr. M. H. Sanford. In 1873 at Baltimore he rode True Blue, and distanced Harry Bassett in the first heat of a 4-mile-heat race. He then went to California to ride in the great 4-mile-heat race for \$20,000. Here True Blue ended what promised to be the greatest career of any race horse on the American turf up to that time by getting his foot in a hole and breaking down when he had the race within his grasp.

Barbee was engaged to ride for Mr. Lorillard in 1874. The race for the Belmont stakes, one mile and a half, in which he rode Saxon, winning by a neck from Greatheart, ridden by William Lakeland, in 2:39½. He made a dead heat on Atla with Acrobats for the Travers, but in the run off landed Atla winner in faster time than the dead heat. He also won the Excelsior Sweepstakes and repeated the double events the following year. In 1876 he won several cups for George Lorillard on Tom Ochiltree, and the Chesapeake and other important stakes for Mr. F. Lorillard. He rode on Harlequin when the latter beat Pequot by a head. He was next unexpectedly seen in the saddle on Glenmore, and the betting fell at once from 7 to 1 to 3 to 1. The following year he entered P. Lorillard's service and was sent to England to ride in the cherry and black. He rode thirteen races for the American stable, winning one only, the Newmarket International Handicap, on Mistake. He returned to America in 1881, bringing Kolo to the front twice and into growing fame.

**NOT IN THE BILLS.**

MR. JAMES L. MURRAY ASTONISHES THE AUDIENCE AT THE PARK THEATRE, BROOKLYN, WITH AN UNEXPECTED BREAK-DOWN.

**RAN INTO A RAFT.**

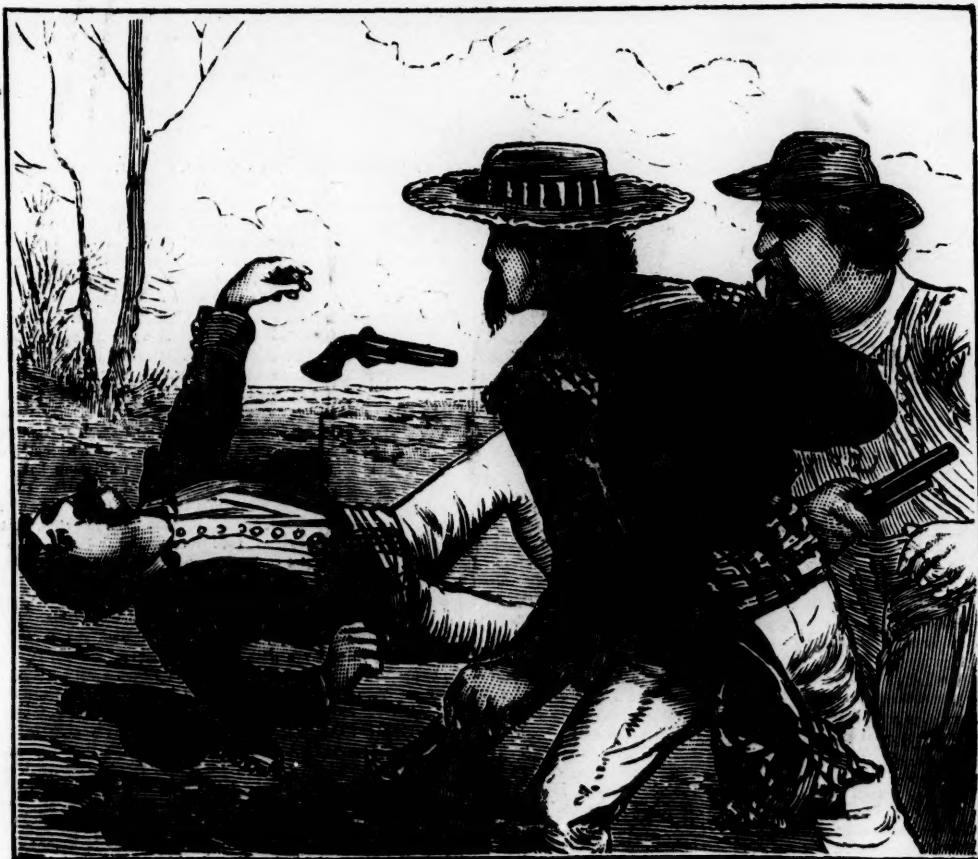
CAPTAIN LEWIS POINSETT IS ACCUSED OF DROWNING A PARTY OF COONS ON THE COOPER RIVER, S. C.

**HE WAS A PLAYFUL MAYOR.**

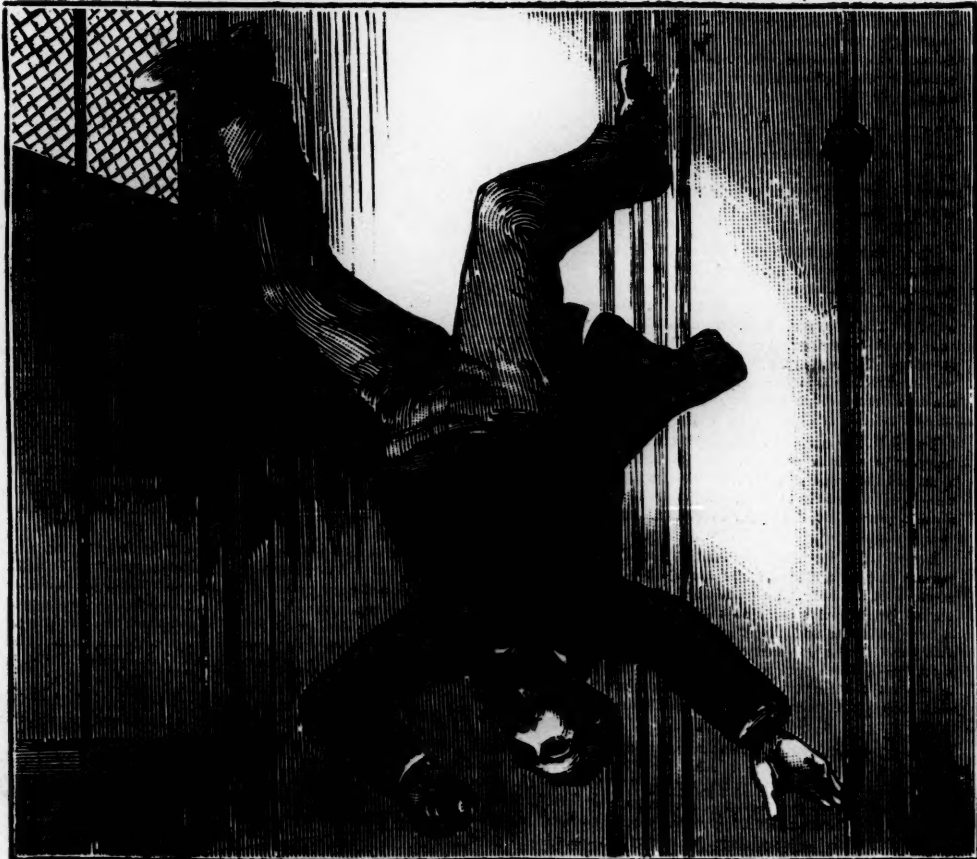
THE HON. JOHN ASBERRY OF JEFFERSON, GA., HAS A LITTLE FUN WITH DRUMMER ROBERT T. BROWN ON A RICHMOND AND DANVILLE TRAIN.

**HE WAS GAME TO THE HIDE.**

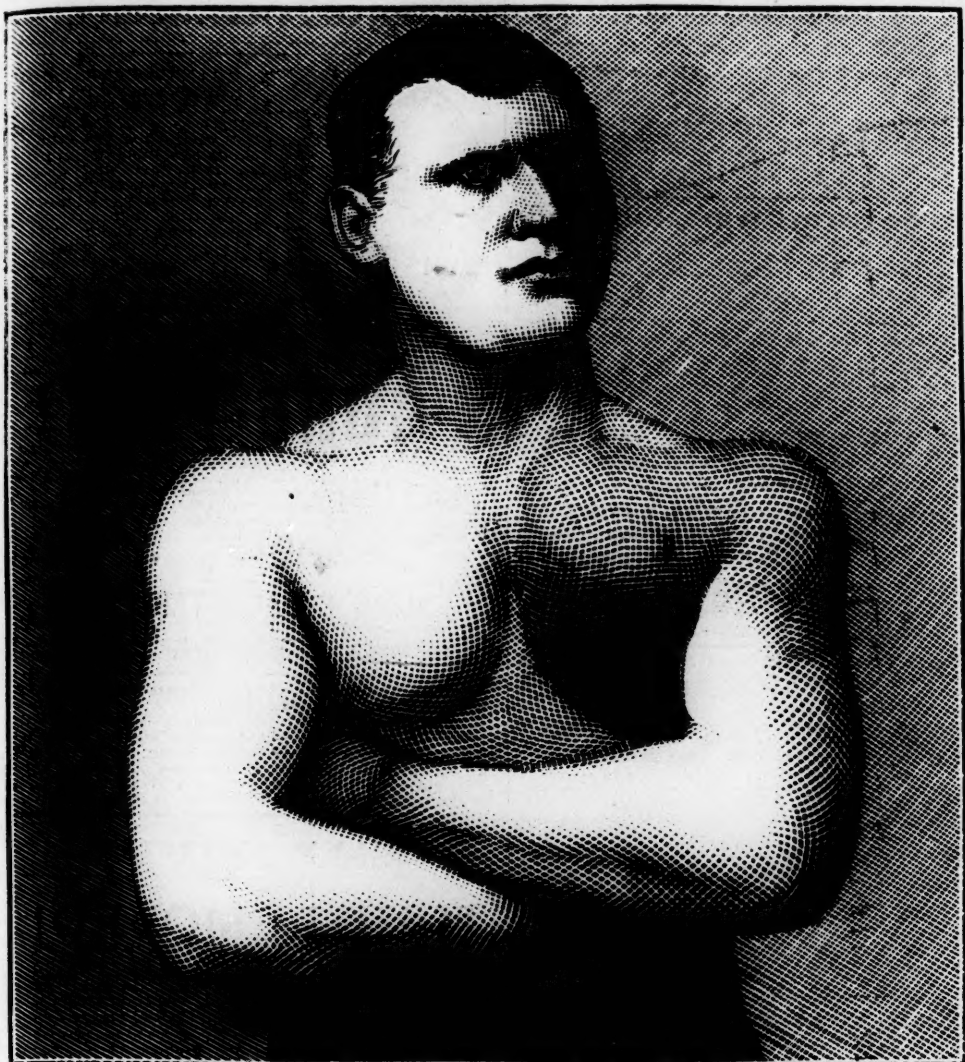
A WASHOE GAMBLER SACRIFICES HIS ENTIRE WARDROBE IN AN ENDEAVOR TO WIN AT CARSON, NEVADA.

**SHOOTING A GREASER.**

THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW MARINO LEYBA IS TREATED TO A DOSE OF COLD LEAD NEAR ANTELOPE SPRINGS, SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

**DEATH BEFORE INSANITY.**

EX-GOVERNOR REYNOLDS OF MISSOURI DELIBERATELY LEAPS DOWN AN ELEVATOR SHAFT AT ST. LOUIS.



ERNEST ROEBER,
THE GERMAN CHAMPION WRESTLER.



CHARLES MITCHELL,
THE ENGLISH BOXER WHO PROMISES TO GIVE YANKEE PUGILISTS A GO.



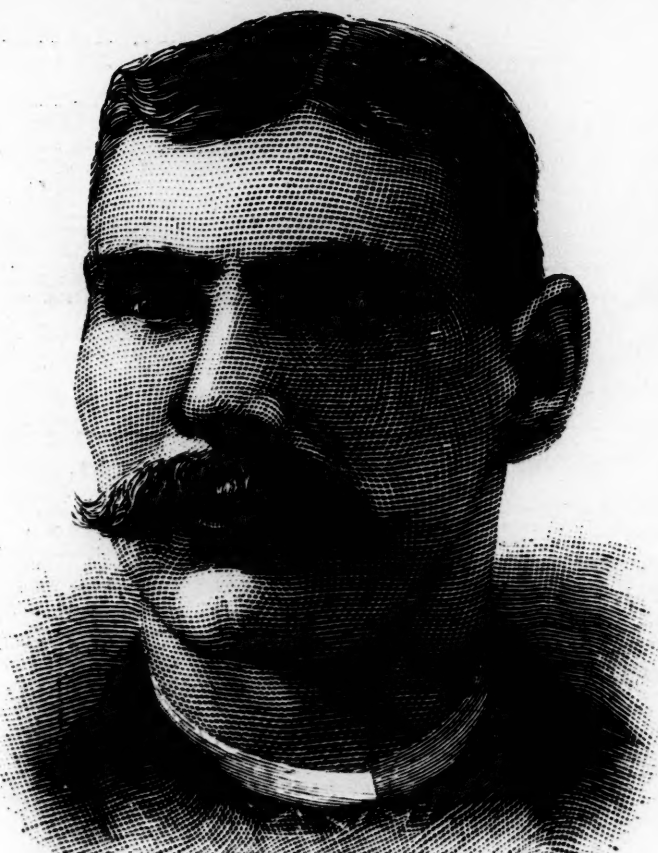
JACK SHANNON,
A FAMOUS LIGHT-WEIGHT BOXER OF NEW YORK.



HARRY N. HERBER,
A WELL-KNOWN GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLER OF NEW YORK.



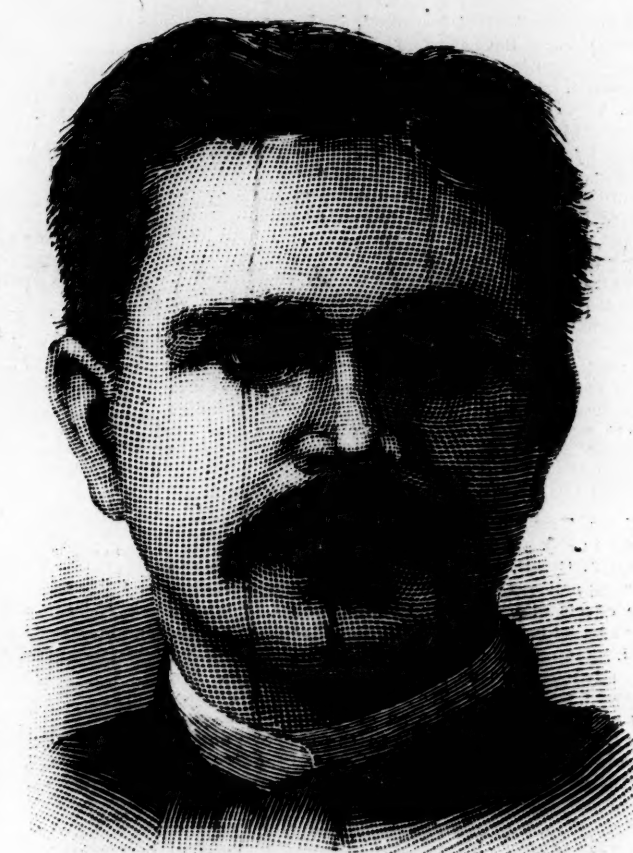
EUGENE GEARY,
THE JUNIOR CHAMPION SCULLER OF AMERICA.



JACK DAVIS,
A NOTED PUGILIST OF LEADVILLE, COLO.



JACK SHERIDAN,
A FAMOUS MIDDLE-WEIGHT BOXER OF NEW YORK.



PAUL BOYTON,
THE DARING AND WONDERFUL DEEP SEA SWIMMER.

LADIES LEAP FROM A TRAIN.

[Subject of Illustration.]
From Providence, R. I., comes this dated March 27, 1887: In the parlor car Pequot, on the Shore Line train from New York, which was due in this city at five minutes to four o'clock to-day, were Mrs. L. Kendall, seventy-two years of age, and Miss Jessie Thurston, her daughter, both of Portland, Me., and Walter C. Porter, thirty years old, Mrs. Kendall's grandson. These passengers were on their way to Portland from Jacksonville, Fla. The train was going at the rate of forty-five miles an hour on a down grade. When the train was approaching Norwood, six miles from here, Miss Thurston came out of the toilet room, whither she had been followed by the elder lady, and suddenly opened the door of the car and went out on the platform. The next instant she leaped from the train. Her mother had kept close to her, and when she realized the intent of her daughter she seized her by the skirt and was dragged off the train. The alarm was given, the train was backed and to the surprise of all the two women were found alive and apparently uninjured in the sands of the road bed. It was found that Mrs. Kendall's right arm was broken in four places and her head bruised, but though badly shaken up she is not considered dangerously hurt. Miss Thurston suffered no other injury than scratches on her face where she struck the sand. It is said that the recent death of a relative in Florida had upset the young woman's mind, and at times of late she has proved violent, and has been watched as closely as possible by her mother and friends.

A SUSPECT IN THE TOILS.

Our Chattanooga, Tenn., correspondent writes April 1: A genuine sensation was created here to-day by the arrest of a man who gave his name as Doyle. Doyle took supper at a restaurant in the city last night and refused to pay the proprietor, and was in consequence arrested. In submitting to the arrest he took occasion to lavish some by no means choice epithets on the proprietor of the restaurant, and another warrant for profligacy was secured. He was taken before a city magistrate and committed to the county jail in default of \$500, and remained in a cell all night. This morning, on his agreement to pay the costs of the arrest and the restaurant man, the warrants were withdrawn. After this was done, he having in the meantime taken on a good supply of whiskey, he showed to the astounded officers and bystanders rolls of greenbacks that were bestowed in various parts of his person, amounting in all to \$19,000. This excited suspicion, and it was at once set down by the officials that Doyle was one of the notorious express robbers about which so much has recently been said. Deputy United States Marshal Hill telegraphed the man's description at once to various places in hopes of identifying the man, but up to to-night had received no answer. Doyle, as soon as he got free, left on the first train for parts unknown, and nothing more has been heard of him. The officers have been completely non-plused. He was evidently "off" in some way, and the officials think they have caught it rich if they can only find out who he is.

TRAIN ROBBER JURORS AT CHURCH.

From Morris, Ill., a correspondent sends us, April 4: The trial of the alleged train robbers Schwartz and Watt, was given a most unexpected turn by an incident that will probably destroy the value of all the work so far done. By consent of counsel and court, the jurors were permitted to attend divine service at the Methodist Church. Dr. Axtell, the officiating clergyman, learned of their presence, and taking as his text the "Power of Little Things," was soon in the midst of an address upon the importance of apparently trivial circumstances when rightly viewed. As the train robber's conviction depends largely on circumstantial evidence, the surprise was great, but Dr. Axtell proceeded to tell how a celebrated criminal had once been convicted after long years by a tell-tale scrap of paper. A torn check figures largely in the Rock Island case, and much feeling was expressed after the services at the singular remarks of the preacher. The attorneys for Schwartz and Watt will demand a new trial for their clients on the ground of undue influence upon the jury if the prisoners are found guilty. The counsel for the defense held a consultation to decide whether they would move to have the jury discharged. It was decided, however, to use the incident in a motion for a new trial provided the verdict was against the prisoners.

MISS BLANCHARD MAY RECOVER.

A correspondent at Vineland, N. J., writes, April 4: Miss Marie Blanchard, who shot herself Friday morning, continues to improve. She passed last night very well, and during the day she rested comfortably. Drs. Adams and Bidwell held a consultation at three o'clock this afternoon, when one of the wounds, that made by the surgeon in extracting the bullet, was dressed, the operation being conducted with the strictest antiseptic precautions. A tube has been kept in this wound in order to drain off any possible accumulation of pus at the seat of the excised kidney. None of the other wounds was disturbed, all having thus far made most satisfactory progress in healing. Half-teaspoonful doses of champagne are still administered to the patient, though not now often than every two hours. The physicians are beginning to indulge in strong hopes of a favorable termination of the case. They say that if Miss Blanchard shows the same signs of improvement her ultimate recovery will be assured. Up to eight o'clock to-night her improvement still continues.

TWO MEN BUTCHERED.

From Taunton, Mass., our correspondent writes, April 1: Stephen Littleton, aged nineteen years, and John J. Cahill, aged twenty, are now lying at the Central police station in a dangerous condition from the effects of hatchet and bullet wounds. Littleton has a bullet lodged in his left breast under the clavicle, and the top of Cahill's head is in a terrible condition from hatchet and bullet wounds. The work, it is charged, was done by Rice M. Blakely, a bad character who has served two terms in correctional institutions. All three men were in the employment of George Harrub, a livery stable keeper. Blakely left a day or two ago in consequence of a disagreement with Cahill about some work, and it is charged that he crept upon his victims at midnight, while both were asleep at the stable, and assaulted them with hatchet and pistol. Cahill managed to crawl to the police station, which is near by, and give an alarm. Blakely ran away, and has not yet been arrested.

USE RIKER'S EXPECTORANT

for Coughs, Colics, &c.: 60 cents a bottle (half pint) if it cures you. NOTHING if it don't. Prepared only by WM. J. RIKER & SON, Druggists and Manufacturing Chemists, 353 SIXTH AVENUE, near Twenty-second street, where they have been established 40 years. All their own preparations sold on same conditions.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

RIKER'S SACHET POWDERS

Are finer, stronger and more lasting than Lubin's Atkinson's or in fact ANY Sachet Powders in the market. This is guaranteed by RIKER, 353 SIXTH AVE. Heliotrope, Violet, Jockey Club, WHITE ROSE, Musk, &c.

TO ADVERTISING AGENTS.

Hereafter no commission will be allowed to any Agent who has not previously placed trade in these columns. On account of the continuous system of cutting my rate by the offer of dividing the commission with the advertiser, it is evident agencies can afford to transact business for a smaller percentage, and in order that they will maintain my price to their customers, the rate of commission on and after April 1, will be reduced to 10 per cent. upon all orders received on and after that date.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher Police Gazette,
New York.

BEAUFORT, S. C.

Mr. RIKER—
Please send C. O. D. half dozen bottles of Sarsaparilla, and half dozen bottles Cocoa Wine. Have tried your Sarsaparilla with perfect satisfaction. Very respectfully,
WM. H. ROBINSON.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing upon the outside the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

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